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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*A Word to the Members of the Mechanics' Institute.* By R. Burnet. 8vo. pp. 146. Devonport, J. Johns.

MR. BURNET states himself to be a Vice-President of the Devonport Mechanics' Institute, and we almost gather that this publication has some connexion with the interests of that associated body. We say "we almost gather," for it is no easy matter to obtain very distinct ideas from this desultory and incoherent production. What we do infer from it is, that if the other individuals of the society resemble their worthy Vice, a meeting of the members and an assemblage of the inmates in Bedlam, must be more alike than could be expected in common cases where men congregate to pursue useful and philosophical inquiries. Such a galimatias of sense and folly, of intelligence and rhapsody, of acuteness, incongruity, information, and absurdity, we never happened to peruse before. Of Eccentrics the writer is an eminent example; and we can compare him to nothing but a French postilion's whip on scouring through a town;—the materials are stout enough, apt for the functions of the engine, and well twisted together, but altogether very much -- cracked.

The volume is titled on the back, "Burnet's Word;" and it is bound in sprigged silk, a practice which the author recommends for general use, as a mode of relieving the distress of Spitalfields' weavers, out of all comparison more effectively than the most munificent donations. At all events, it must be confessed, that by adopting this covering, he has avoided the dangerous alliance of being bound up with calf,—a thing in literature most to be dreaded at Plymouth, except perhaps being hot-pressed.

But as some curiosity may be excited to know what *Burnet's Word* is, we shall not condemn our readers to wade through the whole book for it, as we have done; we will not make them undergo all the perils of freemasonry before we whisper it in their ears; we will be urged by it, and getting forward, tell them at once that it is 'Forward.'—Forward, says R. Burnet; and forward, echo we. Forward to the Dedication, which is a whimsical one, to one George Banks, who has engraved the grotesque designs illustrating this grotesque work; and who is, we are told, and see no cause to doubt, a clever and meritorious artist. Forward to the preface—which informs us, "That the following pages were written expressly to introduce one word;" and quotes Montaigne, Swift, Gale, and Dr. Johnson, in as heterogeneous a way as could be done within the same compass by the first adept in olla-podrida making. It is in this respect a perfect preface—a complete type of the book, mixed, hashed, confused, and jumbled.

Forward now to the work itself: other folks have called their's the odd volume; but this is the oddest medley, which honestly merits the unwarped name. The author's brain seems to be as full of maggots as the remainder biscuit

of a merchantman just returned into Devonport from a voyage of two years; and he sweeps them out with the same profusion. There is hardly an author, ancient or modern, whom he does not quote; hardly a subject which he does not touch upon; and there is, *en masse*, (as we have observed,) such a mixture of sense and nonsense, that it is incomprehensible how they should have emanated from the same mind. Yet the volume is extremely amusing,—if it had not been so, we should not have taken the trouble to describe it, nor to adduce, as we are about to do, examples of its whim and information.

Mr. Burnet has some peculiar notions about music: "It might (he thinks) not be so abstruse a question as many metaphysical ones are, to inquire whether there be not a mundane music, the melody and harmony of which insensibly act upon man in his individual character, and of course unknown to his neighbours."

This, we presume, is playing upon the public a little; and we should have been much indebted to the ingenious querist if he had informed us how we were to set about this inquiry, and where. Of course, as the tunes which are supposed to be ruling our individual destinies are not heard by our fellow-men; each of us must inquire of himself, What inaudible *mundane* air is that which now influences you? is it jig, or march, or dirge? quick or slow? is it cowardly piano, to make you run away; or bold bravura, to induce you to fight it out? is it lento, ye sneaking sinner; or presto andante, ye daring dog? is it diminuendo, ye dwindling mortal; or crescendo, ye father of a family? is it dolce, or rather dolcissimo, love—or is it con forza rage and jealousy? are you lively under a *mundane* allegro—or how is it legato, con fuoco, a tempo, ritenuto, brillante, piu mosso, adagio, agitato, leggiero, tremolando, scherzando, vivace, delicate, or finale that marks ye for its own?—A man under such impression would be something like an Eolian harp—every air that blew would set him going. But Mr. Burnet holds other doctrines:—he asserts that if this Mundane Musical omnipotence were acknowledged, "it would go far to account for the strange diversity of men's actions. It would solve the difficulties our reason encounters when endeavouring to assign motives for the conduct of such men as Charles XII. and George Morland, of Aurungzebe and Daniel Danoer, of Nero and Bampfylde Moore Carew."

"The idea (he continues) of a universal *mundane* music acting upon man, is taken from the accounts we have of the effects which music has had upon the passions and affections of many, and the force it has exerted on animate and inanimate bodies;" [that is to say, imaginary sounds are to have the same effects as real sounds.] "We often hear of men who have a singing in the ears, but we know nothing of its music; others, who by touching the stop at their elbow obtain a tune, but we hear it not; whilst a third party have a concert in the head, with time regularly beaten, but listen as long as we list we cannot enjoy it."

Oh! rare Mechanics' Institute of Devonport! dull persons, not yet able to hear the singing in their fellows' ears, the tunes stopped by their elbows, or the ideal concerts confined within their skulls! What can be the use of your studies, what can your Vice-President's lectures do for you, if you cannot, at once, attain such easy matters as these? If nothing else will do, let us advise you—pinch any ear where there is a singing, pinch it strongly, and you will soon hear something or other; give the elbow or the head in which noiseless tunes are being performed a good thump, and our word for it, against Mr. Burnet's, you will cause sound to be emitted. It is thus (we speak from analogy), that by pinching harp or guitar strings, and thumping piano-forte or organ Keys, music is beaten out. No wonder, after this exposition, that we find our author literally asserting—

"Amphion made such uncommon; [uncommon indeed] progress in music, that he built the walls of Thebes at the sound of the lyre; and Gale, in his *Court of the Gentiles*, from some other authority, states, 'that he fitted his verses, composed with great suavity, so exactly thereto, as that the stones ran of their own accord.' As inhabitants of a sea-port, this is easily understood; most of us must be aware of the power music has over the souls of our seamen—the well-known music of 'Yo! heave ho!' trips the anchor of the largest vessels from the ground; and the enlivening notes of the fife send the topmast aloft, or hoist the beer and water aboard. The martial sound of the drum, when beating to quarters, fills the head of the ship with the crew; and the thundering music of the cannon drowns all reflection on past or future; whilst the two instruments just named raise sensations of delight the moment the performers strike up 'Oh the roast beef of old England, and oh the old English roast beef!'"

There is a great deal of stuff in this, and yet some glimmerings of capacity: but in order to make the ridiculous most prominent, Mr. B. has given us a caricature etching, in three compartments, of a jolter-headed rustic enlisting to the sound of the drum—being drilled—and seeking the bubble reputation, even in the cannon's mouth. And he tells us further—

"It is a fact not generally known, that when an enemy's ship or fleet is in sight, and the drum beats to quarters, the seamen throng to the head, impelled by a peculiar affection; and it is no less true, that the sound of the cannon, coupled with the bustle and activity required in an engagement, dispels all fear."

"If depression of spirits, or fear, take possession of the soul, it is in the few moments of suspense, when all things are ready, and the ships near each other; then men remember they are mortal; and with the most pathetic touches and appeals to the feelings, menaces interchange tokens of kindness and affection, to be afterwards delivered by the survivors to their friends. It comes home to the hearts of the most callous, at such a time, to witness a hardy fellow, whom nothing else could tame, slip the running knot in his handkerchief, take it from his brawny neck, and give it to his messmate: 'Here, Jack, tie this round your waist; if I am knocked off, give it to my poor mother; tell her it was all I could send. She will look at the mark in the corner now and then; it will remind her of one who was always dear to her, even in his most faulty moments.'"

"When Napoleon was at Elba, it is reasonable to infer that he was under the influence of the celebrated tune called the *Rans de Vaches*,—an air so dear to some, that it was forbidden, under the pain of death, to play it to the troops, as it made those who heard it desert, or die of what is called *la maladie du pays*—so ardent a desire did it excite to return to their country. Now, had a full military English band been placed on the island, it would have been ordered to play *Oh stay! Oh stay!* which tune would have prevented the grand musical festival of Waterloo. However, experience made ministers wise; and when again under the influence of the tune *Rans de Vaches*, at St. Helena, the band struck up the harmonious sound, *Oh stay!* he died of *la maladie du pays*."

We suppose it was hearing the *Roast Beef of Old England*, while off Plymouth, that infused the desire to visit the Prince Regent in London; *Erin-go-Brach*, played on the pestle and mortar, which made him flatter his Irish surgeon; and certainly not *Fly not yet*, which finished the battle of Waterloo. But of Mr. Burnett's plates, engraved by George Banks, the most ludicrous are, one representing native air swallowed out of bottles or bladders by English residents in the West Indies, (an export for which the author seems inclined to take out a patent, and one not likely to be pirated); and a second consisting of sixteen circles, into which he arranges or deranges all classes of society. It is a genuine curiosity, and we wish we could quote it, as description must be faint. In the centre is the king. In the second ring, to employ his own unrivalled definition, "Lord Liverpool, as prime minister; Mr. Canning at his heels," (but, Lord! as Mr. Pepps would say, to see the figures!) In circle three, are Peers, where Lord Liverpool is behind: in four, Mr. Canning takes the lead, as a member of the House of Commons; but "Mr. Brougham is behind him, tripping up his heels at every opportunity." At the top of the fifth circle is—who do you imagine?—Mr. Kean, who is followed by "a vicar looking up to a bishop," and "by Dr. Syntax sketching the vicar's wig, and thinking on its comforts." In the ring below is Brougham again, and silk-gowned men in the rear: in the seventh, generals, admirals, &c.; and then in turn we come to astronomers, poets, scholars, artists, mechanics, and other beggars, with tread-mills, gibbets, and like pleasing accompaniments for such low rogues. The most ignorant are always, he declares, in the rear; and he instances sailors as a proof.

"We have," he says, "had daily specimens of it before our eyes, when ships have been paid off or regiments recruited. We have seen Jack come on shore, with a bag like an opossum, loaded with the hard earnings of two or three years. With the ambition of Alexander, he must have all the world to himself. Women, a fiddle, and some rum, are indispensable requisites: the last fires his brain, and sets all reflection at defiance. A thousand days' hard labour on the most dangerous element, battling his country's foes, have often been spent in less than a week by an individual in the most licentious manner possible. If money did not go fast enough, watches were fried, bank notes eaten between bread and butter, and every practice resorted to for the purpose of its ridance. The paying off at Plymouth always gives seamen a treat which they cannot obtain elsewhere, that is, the glorious opportunity of riding in hackney-coaches, or standing on their roofs when going full speed, and of which

they always avail themselves. Every one must have witnessed the alacrity with which a seaman spies a coach on such occasions: he cannot resist the temptation, and when a quarter of a mile off, he strains his lungs with the cry of 'coachee, coachee.' I once witnessed a sailor, with a string of twenty-five coaches behind him, moving through the town to the beach, being the whole number on the stand, all of which he had engaged. He was standing on the roof of the foremost, waving his hat, and seemed as much rejoiced as Napoleon is said to have been when the garrison of Ulm, with all the nobles it contained, marched out before him. The sailor exhibited his prowess to his companions much in the way of the great Macedonian, 'Oh! ye Athenians, could you believe to what dangers I have exposed myself, to be praised by you.' If diagrams of the kind described were suspended in Mechanics' Institutions, and every member were furnished with them, they would stir up a spirit of emulation, and have a marked effect on society."

We firmly believe it would; for if not mad before, every one who found it worth a whistle would speedily be ripe enough for a circle of another sort, to wit, a strait-waistcoat.

But with all this folly, it must not be thought that the author is an unmitigated ass; on the contrary, there are long portions of his book which may be read with gratification and instruction. Like Hamlet, he is only crazed nor-nor-west; when the wind is easterly at Plymouth, he is mechanical enough to know a hand-saw from a steam-engine. He says,—

"My grand object is to hold up to view the necessity of assisting the working classes in their search after knowledge, so as to produce a greater number of luxuries, both for our own enjoyments, and to keep pace with foreigners in the market; and also, that the individual operative may, by a proper spirit of emulation and industry, advance himself in society. The second object is to convince the working classes that individual exertion, aided by public institutions, is their best and safest trust, and of the fallacy of any hopes of melioration founded on the principle of a union. The third object is to bring forward in this discussion as many interesting facts, either of history or science, as are consistent with the subject, in order to induce a reference to the authorities quoted."

Upon the first of these points, he insists that wants and luxuries increase with inventions, will always supply a demand equal to the produce, and still maintain necessary gradations in the social scale.

"If people would always carry in their minds, that money, or capital of whatever nature or kind, is but so much accumulated labour, sumptuary laws would never be recommended; nor would the fears of what may happen from the instruction of workmen exist, because luxury is one of the natural outlets by which the current of labour is kept in motion. Labour would become a stagnant pool, were it not for the outlets caused by war, luxury, and food; but the absolute quantity required of the last, for man's real wants, would not employ one-fiftieth part of our population, if the estimate be correct that only one in fifteen is a real producer of wealth. Perhaps some standard might be erected of the average pay of agricultural labourers,—suppose one shilling a day; and then, instead of saying the king spent one hundred pounds, the courtier five pounds, and Mr. Toms one,—we should say the prince expended two thousand days' labour, the courtier one hundred, and Mr. Toms twenty;

each of whom have placed bank vouchers in the hands of the public, in order that the workmen may replace the stock of labour thus expended. The Venetians appear to have been acquainted with the practical effects of the proposition here laid down, that sumptuary laws were unnecessary, and that the amassing of wealth (say labour) would be ultimately injurious; for they passed a law to have no treasure in the commonwealth, because it should not be a bait to draw their neighbours to make war upon them, or their governors to ruin them by the excess on hand, as Nero, Caligula, and others of different countries, had done. Experience taught them, that to spend their labour as produced was beneficial; but to hoard it was baneful to them as a nation, however it might temporarily assist individuals."

Though of moderate pretensions, there is so much in this volume, that we must take a second paper to it.

*The Nun.* By William Elliott, of the 58th Regt. B. N. I. 12mo. pp. 110. London, 1826. Rowe and Waller.

In this case we do not think the author has "*pris pour génie un amour de rhymes*;" but our critical judgment will not allow us to flatter him so far as to maintain that he has done more than shew that he possesses genius, and that he requires considerable discipline to raise him to the rank in which an ambition such as his must be, aspires to be placed. *The Nun* is full of faults; and we say so plainly, because it has also many beauties, and gives promise of more, should Mr. Elliott find leisure and temptation to cultivate his intimacy with the Muses.

The story of the Nun is imperfect, and the conclusion not morally just. In fact, if we endeavour to draw any lesson from the poem, we cannot help drawing one of a kind excusative of adultery and murder. In the treatment of the subject, however, there is nothing of this; and unless we reason upon the general bearing, the details do not paint crime otherwise than as the source of unhappiness. We are, therefore, absolved from the pain of alleging an immoral purpose or tendency against the author, as has been urged against the most brilliant poets of the age; and in other respects his faults are venial—merely those of a youthful writer, sometimes, apparently, not unaware of his own errors; but, unluckily, rather inclined to defend than to correct them. Thus we find him arguing that, in spite of "Scotch and Irish critics," the words *draw* and *war* form a justifiable rhyme to the English ear, which is contented with "such an utterance of the *r* as renders it good"—to rhyme with double *u*!! It may be so; but the rhyme would surely be better if the word *war* were reversed, and even that would be but a *raw* rhyme. But the defence is absurd; or else caw, mar; jaw, scar; jackdaw, far; saw, jar; &c. &c. are perfect rhymes. We hold them to be odious Cockneyisms:—and while we are upon these matters, must tell the author that such terminations as, "ne'er," "despair," (p. 6); "said," "read," (p. 19); "light," "delight," (p. 29); "calm," "harm," (p. 43); "divine," "clime," (p. 69), are equally unworthy of his talents, or rather of his care: for talents like his require only care to impress them with their real value.

Yet his changes of tenses and times, and other blemishes of which we could cite examples, are, as we have said, among the faults of first authorship: the grand desideratum,

after all, is mind and originality; and of the possession of these Mr. Elliott gives strong indications. Witness, for instance, the very first page, depicting a convent:

"Along the Gothic pile the sunbeams throw,  
Their lengthen'd light o'er monumental wo.  
Discovering doubtfully the arched height,  
Where sculptured angels burst upon the sight,  
In wings all motionless, to soar,  
And watch the slumber passion wakes no more."

Again, when the heroine is introduced:

"But what is she, the unluckiest?—who cannot gain,  
From holiest prayers, a respite to the pain  
Unknown and unconfest, which her pale cheek,  
In all its wo or passion, seems to speak;  
Who draws the veil still closer round her form,  
As if its folds could check the inward storm;  
And to the blessing scarcely bends her head,  
But leaves the moving crowd with hasty tread."

This mysterious and wealthy inmate had arrived at the convent from England, accompanied by a stern and malevolent confessor, as her ghostly guide, but whom she seemed to overawe by her pride and dignity. After we are made acquainted with these characters, there is a spirited description of a combat within the walls of the convent; in which the Milanese, under a Visconti, cut off a small English party in the service of the Florentines. One gallant knight, of the latter, is succoured by the Religious; and finally slays Ambrose (the confessor), and carries off Ernesta, his first love, the mysterious Nun. Her history is, that of having been persuaded, by Ambrose and her family, to marry another, in the belief that her lover was dead; of being guilty of adultery with a third paramour, and yet preserving her youthful passion in all its force, though not in any of its purity. And, strange to confess, it is on this bold and indefensible turn of the poem that we ground our opinion of Mr. Elliott's abilities. He who could touch so revolting a theme without offence, may surely produce what may be admired, when his choice is happier. As indications of his possessing this power, we shall quote two or three short passages, and forbear further comment.

Florence, at the period assigned, was the most free of the Italian republics,—it is thus depicted:—

"Yet Florence rose in loveliness herself,  
Though shaken both by Ghibellin and Guelph;  
For then the night of slavery had not cast  
Her raven wings around the dim-seen past.  
Still faintly gleam'd the misty, struggling rays,  
That fell refracted through her former days;  
And though no more the sun of freedom shone  
In perfect day, its fading fires not gone,  
Burn'd, even then, to form with patriot tears  
A melting rainbow of refulgent years."

The wounded warrior left on the battle-field is also well painted.

"The stranger knight rose, weary and alone,  
His hair loose floating, and his helmet gone,  
And all is still! as when the heart first feels  
The idol gone, to which its spirit kneels  
In the young dream of early hope, that gave  
Soul to the weak, and object to the brave.  
Or wide through life, untaught the world's deceit,  
We chase a vision, with incautious feet,  
And zealously, but madly, cast afar  
The bloom of youth on passion's withering war;  
Till o'er life's battle-field we lonely look  
Back on a havoc fancy cannot brook:  
And sadly feel, where all our soul was shed,  
The cold wind whistling damply o'er the dead."

When he is carried to the convent, he overhears the following chant sung by Ernesta:—

"I have wreathed an ivy wreath,  
With the oak on which it grew,  
Not a flow'et flings its leaf,  
Through the garland firm and true.  
Such is love—oh! who would cherish  
Moment-living flowers that blow,  
Full of fragrance, soon to perish,  
Leaving but the thorns of wo!  
Take, oh, take my ivy wreath,  
Bind it on thy soldier brow,  
There no rose of bliss shall breathe,  
Mockery of our hapless vow!"

See the oak by lightning shiver'd,  
Falls a mighty ruin there:  
Yet the ivy, nothing wither'd,  
Twines it in its leafy care.

Such is woman's love, believe me,  
Fresh in danger, great in grief,  
Never will her spirit leave thee,  
Faithful as the ivy wreath.  
Take, then take my ivy wreath,  
Bind it on thy soldier brow,  
There no rose of bliss shall breathe,  
Mockery of our hapless vow!

But the ivy, summer shining,  
Round another tree will grow,  
With aduress branches twining,  
Thoughtless of its master's woe.  
Not so woman, she still proving  
Faithful—wither, when the stay  
Which her soul was blest in loving,  
Lives fell lightning's blast away.  
Then, oh, take my ivy wreath,  
Bind it on thy soldier brow,  
There no rose of bliss shall breathe,  
Mockery of our hapless vow!

Woman's love, when once 'tis given,  
Knows no change, it cannot fling  
Tendrils from their first hope-riven,  
That with constancy will cling.  
If a second faith it nourish,  
Sifting dreams that rose not by,  
Passion's semblance still may flourish,  
But the soul of love will die.  
Then, oh, take my ivy wreath,  
Bind it on thy soldier brow,  
There no rose of bliss shall breathe,  
Mockery of our hapless vow!

Her confession of her guiltiness to her lover, we quote to shew the metaphysical skill with which the author slurs over the foulest deed that can be imagined:—it is a proof of talent, and we think not, as insulated it would appear to be, an apology for vice.

"For love, which is a woman's surest stay,  
When its fresh breeze blows with propitious sway,  
Bears like a tempest with indignant force  
On labouring hearts, that work an adverse course.  
Thou still I loved; my husband had my hate—  
A truth I taught him to believe too late.  
While in that buzz which folly calls delight,  
I smiled away each heart-degrading night,  
I was again beloved with love's first truth,  
And, for that dawn of passion, liked the youth.  
It was not love; but that first warmth, that fire,  
Ere the world's breath had fann'd to desire,  
Could, in those hours of suffering, bring relief,  
And win me from myself, my fate, my grief.  
Without love's soul of feeling; yet the glow  
Which such emotion gave, could ease my woe:  
It was but love's corrupted form; and yet  
(Oh, curse me not!) it thrill'd away regret.  
What then I felt, I know not; but it seem'd  
The dreadful comfort of a damn'd, who dream'd,  
And, heaven-exiled, upon earth's dream world dwell,  
Rather than wake to know a perfect hell."

There is nothing we would condemn more decidedly than this miserable equivocation, and attempt to make the worse appear the better reason; but we desire it to be understood, that what is urged is well urged by the party represented: the odious argument is not ours, and we hope, from the context, it is not the author's. He is, however, certainly to blame for not rendering poetical justice in his finale. There are some minor poems in the volume; some of which have more of the warmth than of the graces of poetry. We look forward, nevertheless, from what he has shewn us he can do, to hear of Mr. Elliott again, when we shall have less to object to him, and much more to admire.

1. *Elementary Propositions on the Currency; with Additions, shewing their application to the Present Times.* By Henry Drummond. Fourth Edition. Ridgway.
2. *Cheap Corn best for Farmers, proved, &c.* Second Edition. Same Publisher.
3. *Corn and Currency; in an Address to the Land Owners.* By Sir James Graham, Bart. M.P. Same Publisher.

The two former works are, we believe, by the same writer, and are pamphlets of 69 and 37 pages; the last is more of a book form, and

reaches 116 pages: all treat of the same subject, and all spring from the modern school of Political Economy. Of this school, generally speaking, we entertain a very doubtful opinion. It seems to have no sure and certain data on which to build: there is hardly one, if one, undisputed fact to lay down as a groundwork and proceed upon logically. We only perceive that the science is exactly the opposite of mathematics. And if we are contented to wave principles and deductions, we only find that we are consenting to hypotheses differing so widely, that it is impossible to reconcile any one with another—each setting out on an asserted basis, and each arguing to a particular conclusion, the basis and the conclusion being alike unacknowledged by every other theorist on the subject. It is indeed a perplexing study; for even if we should agree upon first causes, &c., we could not go far without discovering that they were so intertwined with other causes and considerations, so ramified into branches governed by local and peculiar affections, so altered by conflicting interests and situations, that it would be utterly impossible to frame upon them any single general system, which should explain, embrace, and regulate the grand and complex machine of a nation's foreign and domestic policy.

Still there are a multitude of striking and important truths, and of most useful and valuable details, connected with the government of a highly civilised and commercial country, with which it is well to be acquainted, if we pretend to any knowledge of a discussion which has engaged so many acute pens and minds. As furnishing these essentials, we have met with no publications superior to Mr. Drummond's two pamphlets. That we do not feel entirely convinced by that gentleman's arguments on some points, is probably owing to our own want of judgment; but we are free to say that he has placed a number of matters connected with the question in hand in so clear and distinct a point of view, that every reader must feel a new light break upon him while he peruses these very able, practical, and instructive compositions. It is not usual with us to quote any portion of works of the class to which these publications belong; but Mr. Drummond is really so much above the ordinary level, that (notwithstanding our dissent from some of his statements) we cannot resist the temptation to shew how he treats his theme.

"The country has recently been involved in what has been unanimously described by his Majesty's ministers, and by all the merchants and bankers in the House of Commons, to be a state of 'unexampled distress.' It is necessary to inquire what was the cause of this distress; because, if the same cause exists now, no one will venture to deny, that similar causes must produce similar results; and that it is our bounden duty to provide a remedy, or to warn the public to be prepared for the result. The currency of Great Britain is computed to consist of £60,000,000, of which £20,000,000 is said to be in the precious metals; £20,000,000 in Bank of England paper, £12,000,000 in country bankers' paper, and £8,000,000 private bills. If the whole of this currency were to be made of the precious metals, it would cause £40,000,000 of the capital of the country to be immediately sunk in forming it; and it would cost a farther sum of £2,000,000 annually, to supply the wear and tear of the coins, expense of assaying, coining, &c., and the loss of interest on the whole additional £40,000,000. But as the withdrawing of the paper from circulation would lead to a great demand for



metals from abroad, producing a scarcity, and consequently a rise in their value elsewhere, it is probable that paper, of private traders, would be more resorted to than it is at present; and thus less currency would answer the purposes of trade, and that £20,000,000 of metallic currency would suffice, in addition to the £20,000,000 already existing. A currency of £40,000,000 of gold would, however, not only be a currency of higher value than the present, in the proportion of two to three, causing, consequently, the reduction of the price of all commodities to that extent, but it would be as much higher than the value of the present currency, as the proportion of gold in this country, as compared with the rest of the world at that time, would be greater than the proportion of metal now in this country, as compared with the rest of the world at this time; so that the effect of resorting to a metallic currency might be to lower the price of all commodities nearly one-half. This would of itself be immaterial; but another effect would be to double the amount of the taxes; to double the amount of debts, mortgages, annuities, &c.; to double the salaries of the public servants, pensioners, soldiers, sailors, &c.; causing a pressure upon the people which would probably produce some ruinous convulsion. If, therefore, any bill, which enacts that we shall return to a metallic currency, were to be carried into full effect, it would be absolutely necessary to make some regulation upon the points specified in the last paragraph; otherwise, such a bill cannot be carried into effect; and merely to enact, that this country shall return to a metallic currency, without accompanying that measure by others, is absurd, because it is not possible, *simpliciter*, to adopt it. There would besides be a flagrant injustice in doing so; for it would compel us to pay the fundholder in a currency of a higher value than he lent; or, in other words, to pay him more than we borrowed. There are two modes, however, by which it may be partially adopted: the one is by avowedly depreciating the coin; that is, enacting that one sovereign should pass for two (a measure for which much might be said, which is here passed by); the other mode is, and it is in fact the same as the former, only in a more circuitous, and therefore less obvious way, by keeping up, as we are doing at present, the largest possible amount of paper, with the smallest possible amount of metal. This mode being the one now actually in operation, is certainly the better one to continue to adopt; but it is absolutely absurd to enact, that any body or bodies, be they Bank of England, or others holding this paper, shall, on any sudden emergency, no matter from what cause arising, be called upon for the payment of a debt in one description, and one value of currency, which was contracted in another description, and another value; whilst, on the other hand, there is no preservative against an over-issue of paper, and consequent depreciation of the currency to any amount, except the convertibility of that paper, under some form or other, into the precious metals, at the will of the holder. To meet the first branch of this dilemma, it is indispensable that paper, the existence of which is sanctioned by the legislature, should be a legal tender; and for this reason, I doubt the propriety of there being more than one chartered bank, which should be the bank of the state, and its paper alone the legal tender. But however this may be, all in substance that I contend for is, that if we are to have a paper currency authorised by law, that paper shall be made

available to us at the time we want it most, and not only at the times when we want it least; that it shall be of use to us in times of sudden panics, when it is physically impossible to procure gold to give in exchange to the holder of paper, and not of use only when it is as easy to procure gold as paper. To meet the other branch of the dilemma, it is necessary to enact, that paper shall be legal tender for no sum above the value of 100 ounces of gold bullion; and, in order to save the delay and expense of useless coining, that bullion, stamped at the Mint, shall be given instead of coin, according to the plan of Mr. Ricardo. Recent events have shewn, that the mere convertibility of paper into metal is not sufficient to constitute a safe currency, without there be a farther control upon the issue of paper. For it appears that the public is not aware sufficiently early of the depreciation that is going on, to check it before it gets to so great a height, that the difference between its greatest amount (*i.e.* the highest price of commodities) and its lowest amount, which ensues in consequence of the reaction by the contraction of the paper (*i.e.* the lowest price of commodities) is so great as to cause enormous loss to, if not the ruin of, all men who have engaged to make payments at the time of the latter state of the currency, for commodities which were contracted for in the former."

The following is perhaps still more deserving of earnest observation:—

"The balance of currency vibrates with so much delicacy, that its regulation is entirely in the hands of the bullion-merchants, and bill brokers of London: a very slight variation in the equilibrium, when once discovered, affords a sufficient profit on the export of gold, in small daily quantities, to these persons resident in London, although such transactions are of too minute a nature to engage the attention of a general merchant."

This is a truth of the utmost consequence. Of all the strange infatuations which we ever heard of, the strangest is the standard by which our national prosperity or adversity is openly measured. Nobody asks if the middle orders are well off, or the poor provided for; but what is the price of the funds? and in a lesser degree, how stand the foreign exchanges? Yet we have it from the sure authority of Mr. Drummond, that the latter is in the regulation of a few bullion-merchants and bill-brokers; and we see daily that the former is affected by the mere gambling of a parcel of speculators, whose ways and means of existence depend on the rise or fall of some half per cent in the public securities—which securities are, all the while they are thus made to fluctuate by the tricks and passions of these gamblers, not a single farthing of more or less value in substance, from the end of one quarter to the end of another. Of all whims that ever were tolerated, surely the farce of estimating our national weal or woe from three per cents being at 78 and a quarter, or 79 and three quarters, on the Monday, Wednesday, or Friday, is the most ridiculous.

Of the second pamphlet we have noticed, we shall simply say, that after giving us much information, it concludes with the following summing up:—

"It has now been clearly shewn—1. That the land owners' monopoly of corn is the heaviest tax which the people have to pay.—2. That the land owners and their families are the only persons who gain by this tax.—3. That all other classes, including farmers, are injured by this tax.—4. That of all taxes, it is the one

which presses hardest upon the labourers.—5. That the gain to the landlord from this tax is not so great as the loss to the people. From all which considerations alone, (without reckoning the way in which this tax strikes at the root of the growing prosperity of the country, and impedes its advance in wealth, by which advance only the enormous burden of its debt can become tolerable,) it follows, that the immediate abolition of the monopoly of corn which the landlords now enjoy, under the present corn laws, is a measure of bare justice and absolute necessity."

Sir J. Graham's lucubrations also point to a repeal of the corn laws. He asserts, that "the alternate evils of redundancy and scarcity, unsteady prices, and uncertain rents, are the inevitable consequences of the present system of our corn laws. Farming is therefore made both a 'gambling and a hazardous speculation.' No caution can guard against ruinous losses, for no prudence can foresee the chances on which they depend; whether the price of wheat will rise to 78s. per quarter, when the profits to the farmer would be enormous,—or touch the maximum of 80, when, by the opening of the ports and of the granaries of corn in bond, wheat would instantly fall at least 50 per cent, to his entire ruin, is a matter almost of accident, frequently influenced by fraud: thus the full operation of the present corn laws exposes agricultural capital to losses rather incident to the hazard table than to fair mercantile speculation. Rents also must constantly vary, together with the lowest quality of the soil, which the hope of profit may force into cultivation. The land owner can never know beforehand what is his real income; he cannot regulate with certainty his expenditure; with wheat at 70, his farmers pay their rent; with wheat at 80, on the opening of the ports, the price falls at once to 40; and then the rent, calculated perhaps even on the moderate scale of 56, cannot be paid. Thus revenue from the soil is literally made the sport of wind and of weather."

"It is," he says elsewhere, "the boast and the pride of the land owners, that the most important establishments of our polity have been founded on their estates, as on a rock from which they cannot be moved. The ministers of our established church derive their revenues from land—the poor, the aged, and the infirm, in aid of their necessities, have a legal claim on land—the injured and the oppressed, who cannot obtain justice for themselves, or punish the wrong-doer at their own expense, cast the burden also on land: thus religion, charity, and justice, have the guarantee of landed property in this country, and are its safeguards in return. All those who value genuine piety, the pure offspring of our established church, and who, unprejudiced by the abuse of the poor laws, still venerate their humane origin, and appreciate their utility, when cautiously administered; all these (and they form the best part of our community) will strenuously resist any charge of security, any transfer of the charge from land to funds. The clergy and the land owners, the poor and the proprietors, are co-partners in the soil; they must stand or fall together on their existing tenure: they may fall indeed,—but religion, and mercy, and justice, will fall with them; and they who are buried in these ruins are happier than they who survive them." Equity demands, however, in favour of the landed proprietor an equivalent for the exclusive charges fixed by law on his estate; that equivalent must be a protecting duty on foreign



corn imported; the amount of the duty is a fit subject for discussion; but here we are arrested by the past variations in the value of our currency, and the price which we have first to settle is the price of money; for it is impossible to establish a fixed protecting duty with fairness, when the standard of value is itself unfair.

"I will not, therefore, attempt to deny that the course which I shall presume to recommend to the land owners is open to grave objections, and that it must produce considerable injustice; but if it save the aristocracy—if it save the landed interest, it will also restore vigour to our commerce, and plenty to our labouring poor; it will inflict partial injury on a few, but it will bestow lasting benefit on the community. I will assume that I have proved the impolicy of our corn laws, and the injurious effects inherent in the paper system, creating at one time an unsound prosperity, and producing at another unnatural depression;—a system which makes value uncertain, and prosperity precarious; which forces speculation and over-trading; and in its re-action, during the stagnation of trade and manufactures, causes that general want of employment which, at this awful crisis, a starving population experiences. But the paper system has just received its death-blow; the fixed standard of value has been restored; measures are in progress which will secure a metallic currency for all sums under five pounds; and it remains only to alleviate the crushing weight of taxes, and to obtain a steady supply of corn at a moderate price. The last object will be obtained by a repeal of the present corn laws, and by constant importation under a fixed duty—a duty, as I have before stated, equal to the exclusive burdens borne by the land; and, for this purpose, I am disposed to believe that 15s. a quarter will be ample, if the landed interest insist on the execution of the further measures which I shall now venture to detail."

"Since we must then have a free trade in corn, let us have also a free trade in money, and destroy that fatal connexion between the government and a single chartered bank, which facilitates the prodigality of the ministers, and invests an irresponsible body with the most delicate and important function of state—the control over the circulating medium. Nor will it be wise to stop even at this point; if the land owner is to give up his monopoly for the public good, shall the East India Company and the West India proprietors be suffered, for one day, to retain the full enjoyment of their exclusive privileges? Shall the consumer be forced to pay an exorbitant price for his tea and for his sugar, that particular interests may be benefited; and shall the nobility and gentry of these realms, the owners of the native soil, alone be sacrificed? On the contrary, let us adopt the sound principles of free trade; but let us not limit their application to the staple produce of our land. Let us destroy the heavy duties on timber, which, at the expense of every man building a ship or a house in the mother country, are at best a paltry premium to our colonies; and since we are bent on establishing an open competition with the foreign manufacturer, let us at once reduce largely those taxes which affect both the commerce and manufactures of our country.

"The sinking fund of five millions annually is, in the first place, available; and then, inasmuch as I have proved that Mr. Peel's Bill in full operation will be a bonus to the annuitant of more than 30 per cent, I strenuously and

boldly contend both for the equity and the necessity of imposing a direct tax to a considerable amount on all annuities charged on land, or payable from the Exchequer. There is, indeed, another alternative,—to rescind Mr. Peel's Act, and to restore the paper circulation to the highest level of the war, and of 1817. The price of bullion would then rise, and the war standard of depreciation be distinctly indicated; that standard of the great mass of our debts and contracts, the measure of the rise of our greatest interests. We then might debase our metal standard to the precise level of the depreciated paper currency; and, having lowered our measure of value, adjust it to the existing interests and contracts created in paper money, and issue, for the ordinary purposes of circulation, coin of less intrinsic worth. But this is an indirect way of doing the same thing: it possesses all the evil of delusion."

These quotations we have given to shew what the authors aim at, and without uttering a syllable of opinion from ourselves; acknowledging, as we did at the outset, our incapacity to comprehend any dicta of political economy so as to trace them to a clear and inevitable conclusion. It does appear to us that Sir J. Graham's work is daring for legislation; and we think that Mr. Drummond's cannot be read without much improvement, from the mass of information which he conveys, even if we should object to every principle which he espouses. He is a person evidently of great information and experience, as well as of acute sense and sound sense; and from such a writer there is always much to be learned.

#### Head's Rough Notes on the Pampas and Andes.

CONTINUING our review of this original volume, we must recall readers to the prodigious plains described in the preceding portion of our labours.

With the Guacho, this immense territory is divided by his eternal and ruthless enemy the Pampas Indian, and he too comes in for a share of our countryman's admiration.

"The Spaniards," he tells us, "on the discovery of the country, exterminated a large portion of this unfortunate race; the rest they considered as beasts of burden, and during their short intervals of repose, the priests were ordered to explain to them that their vast country belonged to the pope at Rome. The Indians, unable to comprehend this claim, and sinking under the burdens which they were doomed to carry, died in great numbers. It was therefore convenient to vote that they were imbecile both in body and mind; the vote was seconded by the greedy voice of avarice, and carried by the artifices of the designing, and the careless indolence of those who had no interest in the question: it became a statement which historians have now recorded. During my gallop in America, I had little time or opportunity to see many of the Indians; yet, from what I did hear and see of them, I sincerely believe they are as fine a set of men as ever existed under the circumstances in which they are placed. In the mines I have seen them using tools which our miners declared they had not strength to work with, and carrying burdens which no man in England could support; and I appeal to those travellers who have been carried over the snow on their backs, whether they were able to have returned the compliment,—and if not, what can be more grotesque than the figure of a civilised man riding upon the shoulders of a fellow-creature whose physical strength he has ventured

to despise? The Indians of whom I heard the most were those who inhabit the vast unknown plains of the Pampas, and who are all horsemen, or rather pass their lives on horseback. The life they lead is singularly interesting. In spite of the climate, which is burning hot in summer, and freezing in winter, these brave men, who have never yet been subdued, are entirely naked, and have not even a covering for their head. They live together in tribes, each of which is governed by a cacique; but they have no fixed place of residence. Where the pasture is good there are they to be found, until it is consumed by their horses, and they then instantly move to a more verdant spot. They have neither bread, fruit, nor vegetables, but they subsist entirely on the flesh of their mares, which they never ride; and the only luxury in which they indulge, is that of washing their hair in mare's blood. The occupation of their lives is war, which they consider is their noble and most natural employment; and they declare that the proudest attitude of the human figure is when, bending over his horse, man is riding at his enemy. The principal weapon which they use is a spear eighteen feet long; they manage it with great dexterity, and are able to give it a tremulous motion, which has often shaken the sword from the hand of their European adversaries. From being constantly on horseback, the Indians can scarcely walk. This may seem singular; but from their infancy they are unaccustomed to it. Living in a boundless plain, it may easily be conceived, that all their occupations and amusements must necessarily be on horseback, and from riding so many hours the legs become weak, which naturally gives a disinclination to an exertion which every day becomes more fatiguing; besides, the pace at which they can skim over the plains on horseback is so swift, in comparison to the rate they could crawl on foot, that the latter must seem a cheerless exertion. As a military nation they are much to be admired; and their system of warfare is more noble and perfect in its nature than that of any nation in the world. When they assemble, either to attack their enemies, or to invade the country of the Christians, with whom they are now at war, they collect large troops of horses and mares, and then uttering the wild shriek of war, they start at a gallop. As soon as the horses they ride are tired, they vault upon the bare backs of fresh ones, keeping their best until they positively see their enemies. The whole country affords pasture to their horses, and whenever they choose to stop, they have only to kill some mares. The ground is the bed on which from their infancy they have always slept, and they therefore meet their enemies with light hearts and full stomachs, the only advantages which they think men ought to desire. How different this style of warfare is to the march of an army of our brave but limping foot-sore men, crawling in the rain through muddy lanes, bending under their packs, while in their rear the mules, and forage, and packsaddles, and baggage, and waggons, and women—bullocks lying on the ground unable to proceed, &c. &c., form a scene of despair and confusion which must always attend the army that walks instead of rides, and that eats cows\* instead of horses. How impossible would it be for an European army to contend with such an aerial force! As well might it attempt to drive the swallows from the country, as to harm these naked warriors.

\* "On a long march, it seldom happens that the bullocks are able to keep up with the men."

"The Gauchos, who themselves ride so beautifully, all declare that it is impossible to ride with an Indian; for that the Indians' horses are better than theirs, and also that they have such a way of urging on their horses by their cries, and by a peculiar motion of their bodies, that even if they were to change horses, the Indians would beat them. The Gauchos all seemed to dread very much the Indians' spears. They said that some of the Indians charged without either bridle or saddle, and that in some instances they were hanging almost under the bellies of their horses, and shrieking, so that the horses were afraid to face them. As the Indians' horses got tired, they were met by fresh troops, and a great number of them were killed. To people accustomed to the cold passions of England, it would be impossible to describe the savage, inveterate, furious hatred which exists between the Gauchos and the Indians. The latter invade the country for the ecstatic pleasure of murdering the Christians; and in the contests which take place between them mercy is unknown. Before I was quite aware of these feelings, I was galloping with a very fine-looking Gaucho, who had been fighting with the Indians, and after listening to his report of the killed and wounded, I happened, very simply, to ask him how many prisoners they had taken? The man replied by a look which I shall never forget: he clenched his teeth, opened his lips, and then sawing his fingers across his bare throat for a quarter of a minute, bending towards me, with his spurs striking into his horse's side, he said, in a sort of low, choking voice, 'Se matan todos,' (we kill them all). But this fate is what the Indian firmly expects, and from his earliest youth he is prepared to endure not only death, but tortures, if the fortune of war should throw him alive among his enemies.

"The life of such a people must certainly be very interesting, and I always regretted very much that I had not time to throw off my clothes and pay a visit to some of the tribes, which I should otherwise certainly have done, as, with proper precautions, there would have been little to fear; for it would have been curious to have seen the young sporting about the plains in such a state of wild nature, and to have listened to the sentiments and opinions of the old; and I would gladly have shivered through the cold nights, and have lived upon mare's flesh in the day, to have been a visitor among them. From individuals who had lived many years with them, I was informed that the religion of the Pampas Indians is very complicated. They believe in good spirits and bad ones, and they pray to both. If any of their friends die before they have reached the natural term of life, (which is very unusual,) they consider that some enemy has prevailed upon the evil spirit to kill their friend, and they assemble to determine who this enemy can be. They then denounce vengeance against him. These disputes have very fatal consequences, and have the political effect of alienating the tribes from one another, and of preventing that combination among the Indians, which might make them much more dreaded by the Christians. They believe in a future state, to which they conceive they will be transferred as soon as they die. They expect that they will then be constantly drunk, and that they will always be hunting; and as the Indians gallop over their plains at night, they will point with their spears to constellations in the heavens, which they say are the figures of their ancestors, who, reeling in the firmament,

are mounted upon horses swifter than the wind, and are hunting ostriches. They bury their dead; but at the grave they kill several of their best horses, as they believe that their friend would otherwise have nothing to ride. Their marriages are very simple. The couple to be married, as soon as the sun sets, are made to lie on the ground with their heads towards the west. They are then covered with the skin of a horse, and as soon as the sun rises at their feet, they are pronounced to be married. The Indians are very fond of any sort of intoxicating liquor; and when they are at peace with Mendoza, and some of the other provinces, they often bring skins of ostriches, hides, &c., to exchange for knives, spurs, and liquor. The day of their arrival they generally get drunk; but before they indulge in this amusement, they deliberately deliver up to their cacique their knives and any other weapons they possess, as they are fully aware that they will quarrel as soon as the wine gets into their heads. They then drink till they can hardly see, and fight, and scratch, and bite, for the rest of the evening. The following day they devote to selling their goods, for they never will part with them on the day on which they resolve to be tipsy, as they say that in that state they would be unable to dispose of them to advantage. They will not sell their skins for money, which they declare is of no use, but exchange them for knives, spurs, maté, sugar, &c. They refuse to buy by weight, which they do not understand; so they mark out upon a skin how much is to be covered with sugar, or any thing of the sort which they desire to receive in barter for their property. After their business is concluded, they generally devote another day to Bacchus, and when they have got nearly sober, they mount their horses, and with a loose rein, and with their new spurs, they stagger and gallop away to their wild plains."

But these charming Indians are, after all, sad cruel dogs:—witness the following story, told by a guide to Captain H., while crossing the Pampas.

"We were in the centre of this dreary country—I always rode for a few stages in the morning, and I was with a young Gaucho of about fifteen years of age, who had been born in the province—his father and mother had been murdered by the Indians—he had been saved by a man who had galloped away with him, but he was then an infant, and remembered nothing of it. We passed the ruins of a hut, which he said had belonged to his aunt—he said that, about two years ago, he was at that hut with his aunt and three of his cousins, who were young men—that while they were conversing together, a boy galloped by from the other post, and in passing the door, screamed out, 'Los Indios! los Indios!'—that he ran to the door, and saw them galloping towards the hut without hats, all naked, armed with long lances, striking their mouths with their bridle hands, and uttering a shriek, which he described as making the earth tremble—he said that there were two horses outside the hut, bridled, but not saddled—that he leapt upon the back of one and galloped away; that one of the young men jumped on the other, and followed him about twenty yards, but that then he said something about his mother, and rode back to the hut—that just as he got there the Indians surrounded the hut, and that the last time he saw his cousins they were standing at the door with their knives in their hands—that several of the Indians galloped after him, and followed him more than a mile,

but that he was upon a horse which was 'muy ligero (very swift), muy ligero,' said the boy; and as we galloped along he loosened his rein, and darting on before me, smiled at shewing me the manner in which he escaped, and then curbing his horse to a hand-gallop, continued his history. He said that when the Indians found he was getting away from them, they turned back—that he escaped, and that when the Indians had left the province, which was two days after, he returned to the hut. He found it burnt, and saw his aunt's tongue sticking on one of the stakes of the corral; her body was in the hut; one of her feet was cut off at the ankle, and she had apparently bled to death. The three sons were outside the door, naked, their bodies were covered with wounds, and their arms were gnashed to the bone, by a series of cuts about an inch from each other, from the shoulder to the wrist."

"It appears," their friendly historian is obliged to confess, after farther experience, "that the Pampas Indians, who, in spite of their ferocity, are a very brave and handsome race of men, occasionally invade 'los Cristianos,' as the Gauchos always term themselves, for two objects—to steal cattle, and for the pleasure of murdering the people; and that they will even leave the cattle to massacre their enemies. In invading the country, they generally ride all night, and hide themselves on the ground during the day; or, if they do travel, crouch almost under the bellies of their horses, who by this means appear to be dismounted and at liberty. They usually approach the huts at night at a full gallop, with their usual shriek, striking their mouths with their hands—and this cry, which is to intimidate their enemies, is continued through the whole of the dreadful operation. Their first act is to set fire to the roof of the hut, and it is almost too dreadful to fancy what the feelings of a family must be, when, after having been alarmed by the barking of the dogs, which the Gauchos always keep in great numbers, they first hear the wild cry which announces their doom, and in an instant afterwards find that the roof is burning over their heads. As soon as the family rush out, which they of course are obliged to do, the men are wounded by the Indians with their lances, which are eighteen feet long, and as soon as they fall they are stripped of their clothes; for the Indians, who are very desirous to get the clothes of the Christians, are careful not to have them spoiled by blood. While some torture the men, others attack the children, and will literally run the infants through the body with their lances, and raise them to die in the air. The women are also attacked, and it would form a true but a dreadful picture to describe their fate, as it is decided by the momentary gleam which the burning roof throws upon their countenances. The old women, and the ugly young ones, are instantly butchered; but the young and beautiful are idols, by whom even the merciless hand of the savage is arrested. Whether the poor girls can ride or not, they are instantly placed upon horses, and when the hasty plunder of the hut is concluded, they are driven away from its smoking ruins, and from the horrid scene which surrounds it. At a pace which in Europe is unknown, they gallop over the trackless regions before them, fed upon mare's flesh, sleeping on the ground, until they arrive in the Indians' territory, when they have instantly to adopt the wild life of their captors. I was informed by a very intelligent French officer, who was of high rank in the Peruvian

army, that, on friendly terms, he had once passed through part of the territory of these Pampas Indians, in order to attack a tribe who were at war with them, and that he had met several of the young women who had been thus carried off by the Indians. He told me that he had offered to obtain permission for them to return to their country, and that he had, in addition, offered them large sums of money if they would, in the mean while, act as interpreters; but they all replied, that no inducement in the world should ever make them leave their husbands or their children, and that they were quite delighted with the life they led."

From the Indians we shall return a little to the Gauchos, their women and children, &c.

"The habits of the women are very curious; they have literally nothing to do; the great plains which surround them offer them no motive to walk, they seldom ride, and their lives certainly are very indolent and inactive. They have all, however, families, whether married or not; and once when I inquired of a young woman employed in nursing a very pretty child, who was the father of the 'creatura,' she replied, 'Quien sabe?' The religion which is professed throughout the provinces of the Rio de la Plata is the Roman Catholic, but it is very different in different places.

"When a marriage is contracted, the young Gaucho takes his bride behind him on his horse, and in the course of a few days they can generally get to a church."

One of Captain H.'s guides is a striking specimen of the male Gaucho,\* a very handsome fellow, who spoke well on many subjects of provincial government, rights, &c.

"He then talked," says the author, "of the state of San Luis; but to some question which I put to him, the man replied, that he had never been at San Luis. 'Good heavens!' said I, with an astonishment which I could not conceal, 'Have you never been to see San Luis?'—'Never,' he replied. I asked him where he was born; he told me, in the hut close to the post: that he had never gone beyond the plains through which we were riding, and that he had never seen a town or a village. I asked him how old he was. 'Quien sabe,' said he. It was no use asking him any more questions; so, occasionally looking at his particularly handsome figure and countenance, and calling to mind the manly opinions he had expressed to me on many subjects, I was thinking what people in England would say of a man who could neither read nor write, nor had ever seen three huts together, &c. &c., when the Gaucho pointed to the sky, and said, 'See! there is a lion!' I started from my reverie, and strained my eyes, but to no purpose, until he shewed me at last, very high in the air, a number of large vultures, which were hovering without moving; and he told me

\* The following anecdote of another is characteristic: it is his own story. "He was trying to shoot some wild ducks, and, in order to approach them unperceived, he put the corner of his poncho (which is a sort of long narrow blanket) over his head, and crawling along the ground upon his hands and knees, the poncho not only covered his body, but trailed along the ground behind him. As he was thus creeping by a large bush of reeds, he heard a loud sudden noise, between a bark and roar: he felt something heavy strike his feet, and instantly jumping up, he saw, to his astonishment, a large male lion actually standing on his poncho, and perhaps the animal was equally astonished to find himself in the immediate presence of so athletic a man! The man told me he was unwilling to fire, as his gun was loaded with very small shot, and he therefore stood his ground, and the lion stood on his poncho for many seconds; at last he turned his head, and walking very slowly away ten yards, he stopped and turned again. The man still stood his ground, upon which the lion tacitly acknowledged his supremacy, and walked off."

they were there because there was a lion devouring some carcass, and that he had driven them away from it. We shortly afterwards came to a place where there was a little blood on the road, and for a moment we stopped our horses to look at it: I observed, that perhaps some person had been murdered there; the Gaucho said, 'No,' and pointing to some foot-marks which were near the blood, he told me that some man had fallen, that he had broken his bridle, and that, while he was standing to mend it, the blood had evidently come from the horse's mouth. I observed, that perhaps it was the man who was hurt, upon which the Gaucho said, 'No,' and pointing to some marks a few yards before him on the path, he said, 'for see the horse set off at a gallop.'—The grass was shorter in this part of the province than it usually is, and it was very picturesque and curious as we went along to see bullocks' skulls lying in different directions. The skeleton of the bull's head was justly admitted by the ancients as an ornament in their architecture. In the Pampas it is often seen lying on the ground bleached by the sun, with the horns upwards, and appearing as if the animal had just risen from his grave, and was moralising to the living cattle which were feeding about him. In consequence of what this man had told me respecting his birth, &c., I asked every one of the Gauchos who rode with me from post to post, for the next six hundred miles, the same questions, and I found that the greater number of them had never seen a town, and that no one of them knew his age."

Of such mothers and fathers the offspring is not unworthy, as the annexed extract (in addition to those already inserted) will shew. One day (Captain H. mentions), "I saw a man on foot select a very large pig from a herd, and throw a lasso over his neck; he pulled it with all his strength, but the pig had no idea of obeying the summons: in an instant a little child rode up, and very quietly taking the end of the lasso from the man, he lifted up the sheep-skin which covered the saddle, fixed the lasso to the ring which is there made for it, and then instantly set off at a gallop: never did any one see an obstinate animal so completely conquered! With his tail pointing to the ground, hanging back, and with his four feet all scratching along the ground like the teeth of a harrow, he followed the boy, evidently altogether against his will; and the sight was so strange, that I instantly galloped after the pig to watch his countenance. He was as obstinate as ever until the lasso choked him, and he then fainting, and fell on his side. The boy dragged him in this state, at a gallop, more than three-quarters of a mile over hard rough ground, and at last suddenly stopped, and jumping off his horse, began to unloose the lasso:—'Sta muerto!' (he is dead,) said I to the boy, really sorry for the pig's fate. 'Sta vivo!' exclaimed the child, as he vaulted on his horse, and galloped away. I watched the pig for some time, and was observing the blood on his nose, when, to my great surprise, he began to kick his hind leg: he then opened his mouth, and at last his eyes; and after he had looked about him, a little like Clarence after his dream, he got up, and very leisurely walked to a herd of ten or twelve pigs of about the same size as himself, who were about twenty

\* "I often amused myself by learning from the Gauchos to decipher the foot-marks of the horses, and the study was very interesting. It is quite possible to determine from these marks whether the horses were loose, mounted, or laden with baggage; whether they were ridden by old men or by young ones, by children, or by foreigners unacquainted with the hiescheras, &c. &c."

yards off. I slowly followed him, and when I came to the herd, I saw they had every one of them bloody noses."

In next *Gazette* we shall conclude what we have to say on these various and interesting subjects.

### Malcolm's History of India. 3 vols. 8vo.

RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY: Period, 120 years.

THE first volume of this valuable work opens with remarks on the acquisition of British India; and an epitome of the History of the India Company, from its origin in 1600, to the failure of Mr. Fox's famous Indian Bills, in 1783. It then takes up the government of Lord Cornwallis, treats fully of that important epoch; and in like manner goes through the succeeding administrations of Sir John Shore, of Marquess Wellesley, of the second of Lord Cornwallis, of Sir George Barlow, of Lord Minto, and of the Marquess of Hastings. The last volume contains the Political History of India,\* from the commencement of our power, through Lord Clive's and Warren Hastings' memorable periods; and concludes (independently of an Appendix of Official Papers, &c.) with a view of the existing government of India in England, its local government, revenues, civil and military establishments, British community in the country, natives, half-castes or Anglo-Indians, the propagation of Christianity, and the question of a free press: all of which we find to be extremely interesting.

Justly it is stated,—"The great empire which England has established in the East will be the theme of wonder to succeeding ages. That a small island in the Atlantic should have conquered and held the vast continent of India as a subject province, is in itself a fact which can never be stated without exciting astonishment. But that astonishment will be increased, when it is added, that this great conquest was made, not by the collective force of the nation, but by a company of merchants, who, originally vested with a charter of exclusive commerce, and with the privilege and right to protect their property by arms, were in a few years, through the enterprise and ambition of their agents; the hostile and rival spirit of the other nations of Europe; and the weakness and perfidy of the princes of Asia, to whom they became, from their encroachments or their riches, an object of jealousy or plunder—hurried into the possession of royal power; and actually found themselves called upon to act in the character of sovereigns over extended kingdoms, before they had ceased to be the mercantile directors of petty factories."

"The East India Company began to rise into political power and consequence as a state, about the period of the downfall of the imperial house of Timour; when the different princes of India were contending for the fragments of the broken empire, every province of which was distracted by their petty wars, or groaning under their temporary oppression. It cannot be a matter of surprise, that, at such a period, the inhabitants of that country rejoiced at the introduction of a government which gave toleration to their religion, security to their property, and which, from its character, promised to them and their descendants a tranquillity more durable than what they had ever enjoyed. To men tired out as they were with wars and

\* Five chapters of Sir J. Malcolm's Sketch of the Political State of India, published about fifteen years ago, are incorporated; the whole greatly enlarged and enriched by some important papers from Lord Pownall and Lord Minto.



contentions, and who, from the repeated conquests to which they had been subjected, were lost to all feeling of national pride, the very permanency of usurpation was a blessing; and it was natural for them to forget their prejudices against their European masters, in the contemplation of that superior regard to justice, good faith, and civilisation, by which they saw their rule accompanied. The princes and chiefs of India, who have been the great, and indeed the only sufferers by the rise of the East India Company, became aware, too late, of the error which they had committed in allowing it to attain a strength which they could not shake; and had the mortification to find that their efforts for its destruction tended but to confirm and enlarge its power; which they not only saw improve by success, but rise still higher from misfortune. This latter circumstance made a deeper impression, as it was effected through the means of resources drawn from a distant land, which were unseen, and therefore conceived by the nations of India to be inexhaustible. 'I am not alarmed at what I see of the force and resources of the company, but at what is unseen,'—was the emphatic speech of one of their most able, powerful, and inveterate enemies; and it faithfully represents the impression which was made upon ignorant nations, of the power of a state which they observed to draw support at pleasure from a country with whose means they were unacquainted, and whose power they had only been able to judge of by its effects; and these have been of a nature calculated to make them form the most exaggerated opinion of its magnitude.\*

After the discovery of the passage to India, by the Portuguese, (A.D. 1498) via the Cape, British merchants tried often to get into a share of the rich commerce thus opened; but for more than a century their endeavours were baffled, and their success was very limited. But what individual enterprise could not accomplish, it was projected might be achieved by an associated body; and Queen Elizabeth was petitioned by a union of wealthy traders,\* to grant them exclusive privileges, encouragement, and protection. She entered with ardour into the plan, and not only sent an embassy to the Emperor of Delhi (Ackbar), but, on the last day of the year 1600, chartered the petitioners as a corporation, under the title of "Governors and Company of Merchants of London trading to the East Indies."

"By this charter they were vested with the power of purchasing lands without any limitation; and their commerce was to be directed by a governor and twenty-four persons in committees. Their first governor, Sir Thomas Knight, was named in the act. The company, their sons when of age, their apprentices, servants, and factors, in India, were vested, for a period of fifteen years, with the privilege—to use the words of the charter—of an exclusive trade "into the countries and parts of Asia and Africa, and into and from all the islands, ports, towns, and places of Asia, Africa, and America, or any of them, beyond the Cape of Bona Esperanza, or the Straits of Magellan, where any traffic may be used, and to and from every of them." The general assemblies of the company were vested with the power of making any laws and regulations for the conduct of their concerns which should not be at variance with the laws of the realm; and their exports were made free of custom for

\* The petition was signed by the Earl of Cumberland and 215 other persons.

a term of four years. They were empowered to fit out and send six good ships and six pinnaces annually to India; and to export, under some restrictions, thirty thousand pounds in foreign coin or bullion. This charter concludes with a proviso, by which, in the event of its operation not being profitable to the state, the crown had the right, upon giving two years' warning, to resume the grant; which in the same clause it pledged itself to prolong for fifteen years beyond the first period, in the event of its proving advantageous to the country. Such was the first charter under which the merchants of England commenced their commerce with India. Their original capital was seventy-two thousand pounds, divided into shares, each of which was fifty pounds. The first fleets which the company sent to India were successful, but particularly the third, which was commanded by Captain Keeling, who returned to England in 1610, after a prosperous though long voyage, with his ships richly laden, and without the loss of a man. Notwithstanding these successes, the trade to India was inconsiderable and uncertain."

A second charter was obtained in 1609, and settlements and forts began to mark the shores of the Emperor of Delhi. The Portuguese became jealous and alarmed; they claimed the exclusive-right of commerce in the Indian seas, and a naval war was the consequence of their pretensions. Captain Best defeated them in two naval actions in 1612, and a great British factory was established in despite of them at Surat. King James took up the cause with much zeal, and his ambassador Sir Thomas Roe not only procured advantages for us in India from the Emperor Jehangier, but, proceeding to the Persian Court, obtained from Shah Abbas privileges to promote the interests of the company in the Gulf of Persia. In 1622 the massacre of Amboyna caused the English to abandon the commerce of the Eastern Islands to their rivals, and the affairs of the company languished into embarrassment and distress. Misfortune followed misfortune, and the commerce declined, though several spirited actions at sea asserted the superiority of the national character over the Dutch and Portuguese. At length, 1636, accident led to the formation of a settlement in Bengal; the source of all our subsequent greatness and empire in the East. A Mr. Boughton, who had gone from Surat to Agra, had the good fortune to cure the daughter of the Emperor Shah Jehan of a severe illness; and among his rewards, received authority to carry on a free trade. "He went to Bengal, and there his abilities obtained him equal favour from the Nabob of that country, who extended the privilege, which had been given to him personally by the emperor, to all his nation, and in the year 1636 the company's servants at Surat built a factory at Hoogley, about one hundred miles from the mouth of the branch of the Ganges, which takes its name from that town."

Nevertheless, the civil wars in England led to the almost total ruin of the India Company. From 1652 to 1657 the trade was thrown open, the effects of which measure are variously stated: it is probable that it rendered eastern commodities cheap in our markets; but whether beneficial or otherwise, it was ended by Cromwell's renewal of the monopoly in the latter year.

In 1661 another charter was granted by Charles II. "In this, all the rights and privileges which had been granted by Queen Elizabeth and King James were not only confirmed, but new ones of great importance were

added. The company were vested with a right of exercising civil jurisdiction and military authority, and with the power of making war, or concluding peace with the 'infidels of India;' the state reserving to itself, by this distinction, those prerogatives with respect to European governments. The clause in the former charters, which gave the power of annulling them, if their operation proved in any way detrimental to the general interests of the nation, was, however, inserted.

"Charles the Second, having married the Infanta of Portugal, in 1662, obtained the island of Bombay, in 1663, as a part of the portion of that princess; but finding the expense of supporting that possession greater than its revenue, he ceded it to the company in the twentieth year of his reign. Five years afterward, he granted to them the island of St. Helena; and in the same spirit which dictated these important cessions, the whole aid of his government was applied to promote their interests and prosperity. This encouragement and protection, combined with the active exertions of the company, raised them to a state of affluence, which, though it excited attack, gave them great means of resisting it. The charter granted in 1661 was confirmed by Charles the Second, in the twenty-eighth year of his reign, and their privileges were extended by an act passed in the thirty-fifth. But they were still more indebted to James the Second, whose influence had been their chief support during his brother's life, and who, when he ascended the throne, granted them increased immunities, and a still larger portion of royal power. He authorised them to build fortresses, to levy troops, to determine causes by courts-martial, and to coin money. By these privileges he conferred upon them a degree of power which they disgraced by numerous acts of corruption, violence, and oppression."

"The principal, and indeed natural enemies of the company, against whom all their violence, both at home and abroad, was directed, were those English merchants who wished to interfere with their monopoly, and who were termed, in the language of the day, interlopers. Their endeavours to check and destroy these, led, no doubt, to many acts of oppression, which have been exaggerated by the writers of the suffering party into deeds of the most barbarous tyranny. The inter-

\* "The company had for a period thrown a veil of secrecy over their affairs, under which those who managed them had, no doubt, practised many frauds. Though they had doubled their capital in the year 1689, they had not taken in more than one-half of the sum at first subscribed: and at the moment they were endeavouring to support an appearance of health in a declining body, by making extravagant dividends to the proprietors of stock, they had incurred a debt of two millions; and, instead of answering the legal demands against them, had affixed a paper to the treasury-door, declaring they would pay no more till a certain date; though they pretended, at the same time, that their affairs were in the most flourishing condition. These deceptions at home were supported by iniquities abroad, where the company's factors, in obedience to the instructions of their employers, first borrowed large sums, and then quarrelled with their creditors. Sir John Child, one of the most notorious of their governors, is represented to have gone still further, and to have seized thirteen large ships at Surat, the property of the merchants of that place, and to have retired with his shameful spoil to Bombay. Though the company had obtained a new charter in 1694, several flagrant abuses in the conduct of their affairs were detected by Parliament in 1695. Their home expenses, it was found, had rapidly increased from the sum of 1800, per annum, to that of 30,000; and their governor, Sir Thomas Cooke, on whose notes this money had been lent, was terrified by a Bill of Pains and Penalties into a confession, that ten thousand pounds of this cash had gone to the king himself, and other sums to his ministers and principal servants. The Duke of Leeds, who was the most obnoxious offender, was impeached for receiving five thousand pounds; but King William put a sudden end to the session; and by that act not only quashed the impeachment, but checked all farther inquiry."

lopers, however, in spite of that violence of which they complained, continued to gain strength; and, in 1698, they were able to bring under the cognizance of parliament the charter granted to the company in 1694; and having outbid that corporation, by offering an advance of two millions sterling, at eight per cent, in consideration of an exclusive right of commerce with the East being vested in the subscribers, a bill was passed in their favour. But their triumph did not last long; for the old company obtained a confirmation of their charter in the ensuing season. On the adoption of this measure, the nation had two East India Companies by parliamentary authority, instead of one by prerogative. Nothing could be more violent than the contests of these companies during the short period that they continued separate. The great efforts of both were directed to the object of gaining power in the house of commons; and, in the general elections of 1700, each was detected in bribery and corruption. The old company corrupted members, the others purchased seats. Thus the one bribed the representatives, the other the constituents. But, tired out at length with a struggle which threatened ruin to both, they united their stock under the charter which had been granted to the old company, bearing date the 5th of September, 1698; and assumed that name under which they have ever since been incorporated, *The United East India Company*. During such contentions at home, the state of the company's affairs abroad may be imagined. The spirit of the principles upon which these were regulated will be collected from an extract of a letter from their governor at home to an officer who had been appointed judge for civil affairs in India. 'I expect,' says this commercial despot, 'my will and orders shall be your rule, and not the laws of England, which are a heap of nonsense, compiled by a number of country gentlemen, who hardly know how to govern their own families, much less the regulating companies and foreign commerce. Having now the power of condemning the company's enemies, or such as shall be deemed so, particularly those that shall question the company's power over all the British subjects in India, I expect my orders from time to time shall be obeyed, and received as statute laws.' The union of the two companies in England had not an immediate effect in reconciling their servants either at home or abroad; and it was some period before their rooted animosities gave way to a feeling of common interest. It did, at last; and in the year 1708 the united corporation obtained a bill most favourable to their commerce and privileges, which was granted on condition of their lending to government the sum of 120,000*l.*, over and above the two millions which had been lent when the new company was first established. That tranquillity, and consequent commercial prosperity, which the pence of Utrecht brought to Europe, was felt by the British settlements in the East; and these were about this period (1713) under the rule of men of prudence and ability. But success created enemies. A very general clamour was raised against their monopoly, which was stated to be adverse to the general commercial interests of the kingdom; and they were obliged to agree to an arrangement, which was considered advantageous to the state, in order to maintain their right of exclusive trade to India. It is, however, but fair to state, that while we find in the first century of the history of the East India Company abundant proofs of their misconduct, we

also discover a spirit of bold enterprise and determined perseverance, which no losses could impede, and no dangers subdue. To this spirit, which was created and nourished by their exclusive privileges, they owed their ultimate success. It caused them, under all reverses, to look forward with ardent hope to future gains; and if it occasionally led them to stain their fame by acts of violence and injustice towards the assailants of their monopoly, it stimulated them to efforts, both in commerce and in war, that were honourable to the character of the British nation."

Having thus given a brief sketch of the East India Company, from its birth till it had attained the age of a long century, we shall not diverge from the unity of our subject by going into other points. We shall merely add, that if the account is not historically and commercially interesting, it must be our fault; for Sir John Malcolm's narrative has all the merits of being judicious, honest, impartial, and statesman-like.

Other branches of his history shall receive due attention from us hereafter.

#### *Henderson's Researches and Travels in Russia.* [Concluding Notice.]

OUR limits last week having prevented us from finishing the review of this volume, we now perform that task, which requires no preliminary remark, except to remind readers that we were treating of various religious divisions in Russia. Among these, the Karaites are another remarkable sect, and held in contempt and abhorrence by the Rabbinites. It claims, however, a very high antiquity, and "seems originally to have been the same with that of the Sadducees, one of the three principal sects which divided the Jewish nation about two hundred years before the incarnation of our Saviour. One of their distinguishing tenets is known to have been their strict adherence to the letter of the law, to the entire exclusion of traditionary interpretation; and, indeed, it has not unnaturally been conjectured by some authors of note, that the errors which that sect taught in the time of our Lord formed no part of their primitive creed, and that it was the adoption of these errors by the disciples of Sadok, that gave birth to the Karaim; whom, in common with Hottinger, Altingius, Triglandius, and others, Prideaux takes to be Scribes, so frequently mentioned in the New Testament. This opinion, however, seems totally irreconcilable with Matt. xv. 1, 2, where the Scribes are represented as equally tenacious of the traditions with the Pharisees. It is not improbable that the number of the reformed party of the Sadducees was extremely small in the days of our Lord, as, in fact, that of the Karaim has comparatively been in every succeeding age. According to Mordcaï, one of their own writers, they are sprung from Judah Ben Tabbai, and were originally denominated, after him, the Society of J. B. T., but afterwards changed their name to that of Karaim."

"While the Talmudist chiefly applies the cabballistical art to bring out recondite and mysterious meanings from the sacred text, the Karaites maintain that the Scripture is its own interpreter, and that the sense of a passage is to be determined by the grammatical meaning of the words, the scope and connexion, and a comparison of parallel passages. The necessary consequence of this close attachment to the letter of the law is visible, in various ways, both in their personal conduct and in their

ritual observances. For example: it is commanded in the law of Moses, 'Ye shall kindle no fire throughout your habitations on the Sabbath day,' Exodus, xxxv. 3; yet every traveller must be struck, on entering a Polish village during the night of the Jewish Sabbath, to find it completely illuminated by the profusion of candles that are burning in the houses of the Jews, all of which have been lighted a few minutes before the Sabbath commenced; and as to the keeping up of fires, every difficulty is removed by laying the emphasis on the word *thou*, concluding that it is not unlawful for the Jews to get Christian servants to do these offices for them. In the houses of the Karaim, on the contrary, you will neither see a candle nor fire, from sunset on Friday evening till the same time the evening following. They eat nothing but cold meat during the whole of this period. The only instance of evasion on their part that I have heard of, is their leaning over the window to light and smoke their pipes; but my information was from a Rabbinit, and is, therefore, to be suspected.

"The Karaim also sanctify the Sabbath by rigid abstinence, and a close application of the mind to the duties of religion. At Djufutkale, the gates of the fort are shut at sunset on Friday evening, and never, on any occasion, opened till sunset on the evening of the Sabbath, in strict conformity with the ordinance, Neh. xiii. 19. This was one of the privileges conceded to them by the Khans of the Crimea. The Rabbinites, on the contrary, in direct violation of Isa. lviii. 'If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day,' convert it into a season of carnal delight, making it a day of feasting, conviviality, and sensual enjoyment. The Karaim are free from many of the superstitions to be found among the Jews in general, such as the transmigration of souls, the power of talismans, &c.; and, as might naturally be expected from their principles, the standard and tone of morals which their general deportment exhibits, is quite of a different stamp from that of the Rabbinites. In their persons they are tidy; their domestic discipline and arrangements are correct and exemplary; and their dealings with others are characterised by probity and integrity."

Our author, generally speaking, appears to be no friend to the Jews, while he is extremely tolerant of the Greek church, and indeed draws a rather favourable picture of Russia altogether. He states, that civilisation and improvement are making wide and rapid progress, and that most of the authorities are ready to enter into good works with good will. Classification has been introduced into the principal prisons, and many other instances of judicious government are mentioned. The morals and behaviour of the people also are well spoken of; yet we find the following exception:—

"Having reached the third station beyond Tula, about eleven o'clock at night, we retired to rest, in hopes of rising to spend a quiet and retired Sabbath in a remote country village; but the reader may judge of our disappointment, when he is informed, that by five in the morning our sleep was disturbed by the noise of carts; and, on getting up, we found the streets thronged by boors, who had arrived with hay, and all kinds of country produce, which they were exposing to sale. The scene, in fact, exhibited a complete country *bazár*. Still we entertained the idea that it would be in our power to avail ourselves of this assemblage of people for distributing among them, to a certain extent, portions of the sacred Scrip-



tures. But in this our expectations were also blasted; for, as we were about to commence the distribution, after breakfast, we found ourselves so completely surrounded by peasants, who had already become noisy through liquor, that to have proceeded would only have been to 'cast our pearls before swine.' Our stay at the inn also became very uncomfortable, it being impossible for us to enjoy any thing like quietude or retirement; so that towards noon we set forward, and obtained that edification from reading and meditation in our carriage, which we must have sought for in vain had we remained in the village. It was the first Lord's Day in the month, according to the new style,—a circumstance which greatly added to the contrast between our situation and that of thousands and tens of thousands of the disciples of Jesus, who were assembled round the commemorative board of their Divine Master, undisturbed by the noise and bustle of a sinful world."

This is, we think, one of the most cant-like passages in the whole book; or perhaps it may be pearls in the writer's opinion, and if so, we can only say that then are we swine. There are some other curious instances of this sort of language in the volume, which betray something of self-consequence. At the Tatar village of Varnutka the travellers were hospitably entertained by a Yusbaali or Centurion, whose wife took a peep at them on their departure, on which Mr. H. thus comments:—

"It was impossible not to recollect the attitude of Sarah listening at the tent-door; while the alacrity with which the master of the house served us at supper, reminded us of the manner in which Abraham performed the rites of hospitality to the heavenly messengers!"

The two following brief extracts are farther examples of confused style and turgidity:—

"Kindling a fire in a cleft on the summit of the mountain, we had coffee boiled, with which, and some cold chickens we brought with us, we satisfied our craving appetites, which had been strongly whetted by the fatigues of the ascent and the temperature of the atmosphere, which proved a complete contrast to the sultriness of our coasting journey."

"We kept veering about in search of the road, which we could only ascertain by feeling, and, after some time, succeeded in regaining it; but soon found ourselves in the most imminent danger, from the driver's approaching the brink of a precipice, where, if we had not been providentially arrested by a strong mental excitement, which made us leap out of the carriage and seize the horses, one step further must have terminated our journey."

But we have now done enough to illustrate the character of this book, which, with some defects, combines a great deal of interesting matter; and we will therefore conclude with two or three additional paragraphs.

"On entering Soldatskaia, we found it so completely filled with military, that had it not been for the commanding officer, who turned out two of his Kosaks in order to accommodate us, we should, in all probability, have found it impossible to procure lodgings. The soldiers were to cross the Malka the following morning, in order to chastise the Kabardians for some depredations which they had made a few days before on the north of the line, and every thing wore the appearance of hostile preparation. Under the impressions naturally produced by the circumstances in which we were placed, we fell asleep, but were awakened about midnight by the sound of a female voice giving the alarm, 'Toherkess! Toherkess!' through the

window of an adjoining apartment. We instantly started from our couches, imagining that an actual attack had been made upon the village by the Circassians; but, on inquiry, we found that the word had been used in order to rouse our landlady, whose presence was wanted at a wedding that was being celebrated in one of the neighbouring houses."

While visiting a village near Mozdok, "we were surprised by the singular appearance of a regiment of females passing through it, sitting four by four in carts, in which they and their baggage were conveyed. On inquiring, we found that they had come from the government of Woronesh, and were proceeding to join their husbands, who had passed a little before on foot. They had just been married, and were going to form a military colony in the vicinity of the Caucasus, where numbers of the same description have been formed; by which means the Russian power is daily becoming more consolidated in these regions."

"According to the investigations made by Mr. Blythe, the Ingush believe in the existence of God, as a pure spirit, whom they call *Dalle*; a plurality of demons, who sometimes assume a visible shape, and appear as armed men, with their feet inverted; the immortality of the soul; the resurrection of the body; and the temporary punishment of the wicked in a future state. They have a daily form of prayer, and repeat benedictions at meals. That their ancestors, at some remote period, have made a profession of Christianity, most probably according to the forms of the Georgian or Greek church, may be concluded from the veneration in which they still hold the remains of churches and monasteries in the Caucasus, and their worshipping the images which are still visible on their walls. They keep fasts about the same time with the eastern Christians, and rest both on the first and third day of the week. Polygamy obtains among them, but the state of the females is not so servile as among their Mohammedan neighbours, nor are they under any kind of restraint in the way of ordinary intercourse. They punish adultery with great severity, both parties being put to death. They are fond of dancing; but it is an established custom among them, that the sexes never dance together."

"Observing a remarkable monument on a rising ground some versts to the north-east of the fort, and having been informed that it was held in great sanctity by the Ingush, we obtained a guard from the commandant the day after our arrival, and went to visit it. On reaching the place, we were surprised to find it consisting of a regular heptagonal edifice of twelve feet in height, with a cupola rising six feet above it, and a portico facing the south, in which is a door, four feet in height by two in width. In the interior we found four lamps of Grecian workmanship, fixed in different corners of the ceiling; and in the floor we discovered a large aperture, which narrowed as it descended, and, on examining it by the light of a torch, we found it blocked up by a stone, yet evidently serving as an entrance to some subterranean apartment. Having got two of the soldiers to clear the passage, and perceiving that the pavement of the gloomy vault was only about five or six feet from the aperture, we descended one by one, the opening being only large enough to admit an ordinary-sized person with some degree of difficulty. We now lighted two more torches, when we instantly discovered three dead bodies, lying in open coffins, side by side, with their feet towards the east. They appeared only par-

tially decayed, and were hard to the touch, as if immured by the subterranean atmosphere. The silken shrouds by which they had been covered were all in tatters; but the wood of the coffins was quite fresh. Two of them were female bodies, and the other was a male. On turning to the opposite side of this dormitory, we were not a little struck on finding a hare and a greyhound lying beside one another, in the same shrivelled state with the human corpses. How they came here, it seems difficult to divine, except they have been deposited by those who buried their dead in this mausoleum, as emblematical of the extinction of that enmity in the grave, which so often leads man to hunt his fellow to its very brink. On the front of the building are three inscriptions in Arabic characters, but so ill-formed and defaced, that we found it impossible to decipher them."

From Narcissus, the Armenian archbishop at Tiflis, the missionaries received the following extraordinary intelligence:—

"He gave us the greatest encouragement to proceed into Persia, as he assured us we should not only find the Armenians every where ready to receive us with open arms, but even the Persians themselves would be forward to listen to what we might advance on the subject of religion. He had ascertained it to be a fact, that there were upwards of 30,000 families, the members of which were convinced of the futility of the claims of Mohammed. They believe in Christ, whom they declare to be the true God; but, in order not to be detected, they worship him under the name of *Ali*, by whom they understand the Powerful One. There are great numbers of them in Masanderan, who meet among themselves, and converse about religion. The archbishop was of opinion that they would receive the New Testament with avidity."

And here we rest; leaving our author in the hands of a public which cannot fail to be interested by his researches and travels.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

##### *Picture of Spain in 1825, concluded.*

We proceeded alone next morning to Talavera, meeting very few people on the road, and these we never passed without feeling some anxiety as to their characters; but they touched their hats, wished us good day, and passed on without any further remark. All Spaniards are remarkably fond of smoking. They generally carry about with them small pieces of paper, ready cut into a convenient size, and into these they put the tobacco, coarsely powdered, and afterwards twist them so as to give them the form of a cigar. They are at no loss for a light, as they carry flint, steel, and matches, in their waistcoat-pockets. Although I had a great aversion to breathe such a contaminated atmosphere, I could not find it in my heart to deprive Gregorio of what appeared to be his only solace under his misfortunes; and whilst he was puffing with the gravest countenance that even a Spaniard could assume, I amused myself by reading a pocket copy of Virgil.—A large vulture flew over us, at a very desert part of the road, and alighted at no great distance. He allowed me to get near him before he took to flight, so that with a gun it would have been an easy matter to kill him.

Talavera is famous for its wheat, and for the battle fought between the English and French armies very near it. It is well supplied with churches, and has a large public walk at the Madrid entrance. Our arrival excited some



curiosity, as a company of smugglers, who were travelling from Portugal, had been robbed and maltreated by the same party which we had encountered. I here met a Spaniard who spoke French fluently, and was very particular in his inquiries about our misfortune. The good-natured girl who prepared my dinner gave me to understand that there was to be some famous bull-fights in about a week's time, when an annual fair took place; but I resisted such a temptation to tarry at Talavera, and announced my intention to depart next morning. We travelled next day, meeting nothing but some flocks of sheep migrating from one province to another, according to the Spanish system. We arrived in the evening at a small village situated near the Tagus. Just as we were approaching it, some black clouds, that had been hovering over our heads during the day, became united into one dark mass, and appeared to settle on the small hills which bounded the horizon before us. The air was perfectly still, and although we heard no thunder, and felt no earthquake, I witnessed one of the most beautiful natural appearances I have ever seen. Flashes of lightning, extremely vivid, and assuming a thousand fantastic shapes, rapidly succeeded each other, and formed a striking contrast with the dark clouds behind them: they appeared at too great a distance to give rise to the slightest feelings of dread. It seemed as if Nature was amusing herself with electrical experiments. We crossed the Tagus next morning early, and were ferried over in a large boat. We were obliged to submit to the impositions of the boatman, for the dilapidated state of the bridge of Almaraz leaves no alternative. This is said to have been built by the Romans; and one arch of it was thrown down by the English on their retreat from Talavera. The appearance of the Tagus at this part is by no means inviting: it is far from being clear, and runs sluggishly down between two hills, which are entirely destitute of trees or of verdure of any kind. The ruins of the bridge, the mouldering remains of an English battery, and a miserable hut, inhabited by the ferryman, add to the gloominess of the scene. I made it a rule to bathe whenever an opportunity occurred, and during an altercation that took place concerning the fare, between Gregorio and the boatman—between Menippus and Charon—I waded through the slime by which this Styx-like stream was defended, and reached the swimming quarter. I would never do so again, the river is so muddy, and the scene so dismal. But if any one wishes to enjoy in perfection the luxury of bathing, and to feel as he ought the pride of moving unassisted in another element, he must bathe in the Tagus; not at Aranjuez, where it is confined by art, and made to ornament a garden, like any other stream; not in Estremadura, where its waters are without clearness, and its banks without beauty; but at the capital of Portugal, where it swells out into the noblest river in Europe, and sends its waters to the ocean more like an equal than a tributary. He may hire a boat for sixpence, and plunge at once into the middle of a river three miles broad, and deep enough to cover St. Paul's Cathedral. The tide runs with great force, and carries him rapidly along, with but little exertion on his own part; he passes with wonderful rapidity huge ships of war, and fleets of merchant vessels; he views with pleasure the convents and the churches, the palaces and the halls, of a city founded by Ulysses; and leaving all these behind him, he thinks of Neptune, and believes

himself a god, until his hurried breath and wearied limbs bring him back to a sense of his mortality. The heat of the weather during this part of our journey was excessive, but not altogether unattended with advantage to me; for being provided with only a single inner vestment, I was occasionally left, Augustus like, without the luxury of linen; and notwithstanding the diligence used by my hostess to abbreviate the period of my martyrdom, the process of drying depended a good deal on the state of the atmosphere.

We arrived in the evening at Truxillo, a town of some consequence, and famous as the birth-place of Pizarro. It has several convents, one of which was struck by lightning during the time we were there: it is also surrounded by walls, and possesses the ruins of a castle. The pavement of the streets, like that of most towns in Spain, is very bad indeed; nothing seems to have been done for them since the time they were first paved, probably two centuries ago. I would advise no person to go over them in a vehicle of any kind, if he wishes to avoid being shaken to pieces. We were detained here for two days, during which time, master, man, and mule, were alike incapable of any exertion whatever. I was confined to my room from sickness; the mule was ill, and required to be bled; whilst Gregorio, left entirely to his own disposal, got drunk. It would appear rather strange in this country if a man sent for a surgeon and accoucheur whenever he wished to be shaved; but nothing is more common in Spain. The *chirurgao*, the *comadron*, and the *barbiero*, are one and the same individual; and although I had no broken bones, I was obliged to solicit his assistance, because I had lost my razors. The barber's basin with us is something like a coat of mail; both the one and the other are used as indications of certain professions in which they were once instruments of importance, although they are now grown quite obsolete. The modern tonsor trusts to his soap-brush, and the knightly soldier is left without any defence against a bullet. But in Spain it is quite otherwise. The basin is always at hand, and is clapped under the chin as a preliminary step; you comprehend at once why a slice is cut out of it. The soap is applied by the skilful movements of the operator's fingers, who disdains the use of a brush, and trusts entirely to his manual dexterity; and in a short time you rise with a chin as smooth as that of Adonis. French cooks and Italian singers are famed throughout Europe; but Spanish shavers are without doubt as deserving of celebrity.

The town of Merida, when viewed from a distance, appears a place of importance. It is situated on the banks of the Guadiana, a river of considerable size, over which there is thrown a massy bridge. Walls of great height appear to surround the city, and long rows of arches are seen at a distance rising one above another. Irregular buildings start up in various directions: they certainly are not intended for ornament; but you cannot divine their use, and therefore enter the place with high expectations and excited curiosity. Its population scarcely amounts to four thousand souls, but it is chiefly remarkable for the proofs which it still retains of its ancient splendour during the time of the Romans, with whom it appears to have been a favourite station. A noble aqueduct is still in a state of tolerable preservation; whilst a circus, several triumphal arches, and a fort, afford subjects of interesting research to the antiquary. The modern houses appear to be built with the remains of the ancient city,

and in their walls may be frequently traced fragments of statues and pillars, with here and there an inscription so much obliterated as to be unintelligible. The road between Merida and Badajoz appeared to me more frequented than any other I had seen since leaving Madrid. We met or overtook several waggons, and a chaise, drawn by mules, drove quickly past us. Stage-coaches or diligences are only met with in Spain on the great roads that lead from Madrid to the frontiers of France. They are generally drawn by mules, six of which are usually yoked to the unwieldy vehicle; and, every thing considered, they drag it on very quickly. The coachman, who sits upon the box, is provided with a short whip, which all his efforts cannot make available on the backs of the foremost mules: when they require to be whipped, he must descend, and is obliged to remount his box when they are galloping full speed. Sometimes, however, he saves trouble by filling his hat with stones, and discharging them as he sees cause at the heads of these untractable brutes.

Badajoz is a fortified town, and on the frontier of Spain, so that every traveller must expect to be submitted to many examinations and delays, the object of which is to ascertain that he is neither a smuggler, a traitor, nor a spy. Even the custom-house officers could detect nothing in my portmanteau, and my poverty protected me from extortion. To walk on the ramparts, and think of the lives lost in the late war to obtain possession of them, is the only tolerable way of spending a day at Badajoz; and the traveller, anxious to get on, looks with interest towards Elvas, which is no more than ten miles distant. It is situated, however, in another country, and inhabited by another people, who cordially hate their neighbours, and who shew at once their fear of oppression and their power of resisting it, by the vast bulwarks which they raise to defend their city, and the well-appointed garrison that mounts upon its walls. The difference in appearance between the Portuguese and Spanish soldiers is really very striking. I do not speak of the capitals of either country, for in the vicinity of courts we always meet with pretorian bands, remarkable for their manly appearance and their splendid accoutrements. But where the influence of royalty is more remote, the Spanish soldier is really a very miserable being. He has an old blue coat, either tattered or patched, no shirt or stockings, sandals instead of shoes, muskets of a very inferior description, and altogether a look of great squalidness and distress. It was pitiable to see two of these poor fellows appointed as guards to the mail, and running on foot by its side for miles together: they earned very hardly the few reals which the passengers bestowed on them. The Portuguese *fantassin* has a very different aspect. His gun and bayonet, his coat and gaiters, his cap and feathers, are all excellent in their kind, and preserved with due attention to military neatness; nothing is wanting in his equipment, and his looks denote a feeling of comfort as well as of courage. He appears to have enlisted with a view to better his condition, and not as the last resource in his calamities.

On my arrival at Elvas, I was somehow taken for an English officer, and had military honours paid me accordingly. I ran some risk of being detained here until notice of my arrival had been transmitted to Lisbon; but being an Englishman, I escaped an inconvenience which would certainly have been inflicted on any other foreigner. In order to have this matter arranged, I was obliged to appear before a kind

of inferior judge, who examined my credentials with care; and finding that I did not understand the language of the country, he laid down his pen, and to my astonishment addressed me in Latin. We understood each other immediately. His "quo tendis?" and "quid facturus?" were merely official questions; but the "cujus academice alumnus?" could only have been proposed by one who had worn a gown, and run the risk of being plucked. We accordingly entered at once into the comparative merits of Salamanca and Coimbra, of Oxford and Edinburgh. In the course of the conversation, he took occasion to quote some lines of Virgil, and I immediately shewed him a small copy of that author, which I always carried in my pocket. It was the beautiful little edition published by Pickering, and he seemed highly pleased with it. After several hints, he at last asked me if I would sell it; but I endeavoured to convince him that I could not do so, being without any companion in my travels, and having no other book to amuse me. He acquiesced in my reasons; and taking from his pocket a small copper coin, (the meaning of which I have never yet been able to ascertain,) he placed it between the leaves of the book, and rising, politely returned it to me, together with my passport. We exchanged an affectionate "cave ut valeas," and parted. It was the first and last time I ever found Latin of use to me out of the walls of a college.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### THE NEW COMET, SPOTS IN THE SUN, &c.

ACCORDING to the observations of the Rev. Mr. Stark, at Augsburg, the comet now visible, being the fifth this year, was on the 5th of September, at two in the morning, at the southern foot of Orion, one degree higher, over the star  $\alpha$  of the third magnitude. From the 8th of August, therefore, when this comet was discovered by M. Pons, at Florence, it had passed from the constellation of Eridanus through the Sceptre of Brandenburg, thence past the head of the Hare into Orion. Its course is now through the equator to the constellation of the Unicorn. Though the brightness of its nucleus, and its magnitude, have hitherto increased, it is not yet visible to the naked eye. From half-past twelve till five o'clock, it lightened continually from the west to the north-east, especially in the north, with dark clouds, which frequently interrupted the observations; so that the right ascension of the comet at  $84^{\circ}$ , and the south declination  $9^{\circ}$ , could not be determined with sufficient accuracy.—Yesterday morning, at seven o'clock, there was a ring round the sun, interrupted by clouds. In the afternoon, at thirteen minutes past four, Reaumur's thermometer was, in the sun,  $+32.3^{\circ}$ , in the shade  $+20.7^{\circ}$ . The greatest heat on the first five days of August was from  $34.4^{\circ}$  to  $38.8^{\circ}$  in the sun, and from  $22.7^{\circ}$  to  $27.5^{\circ}$  in the shade: this greatest degree of heat was on the 3d of August, at 4 hrs. 49 min. P.M. From the 16th to 31st of August, the thermometer was, in the sun, between  $32.3^{\circ}$  and  $36.8^{\circ}$ , and, in the shade, between  $24.5^{\circ}$  and  $26.2^{\circ}$ . During these hot days, numerous spots were seen in the sun, viz. five large and twelve small ones, from the 1st to 12th of August. Then from the 21st to 31st, five hollows, six large, thirteen small, and twenty-seven smaller spots, successively entered the sun's disk, of which, two groups, of three large and fourteen smaller spots, were visible yesterday.

#### PERKINS'S HIGH PRESSURE STEAM ENGINES.

By a report which has been presented to the Academy of Sciences at Paris on this subject, it appears that the principles on which Mr. Perkins has proceeded in the construction of his engines are these, viz.:—1st. If in a metallic box, the sides of which are adequately strong, a quantity of water be enclosed sufficient to fill the whole of the inside, the temperature of that water may be raised to the highest degree without converting it into vapour, there being no space in which that vapour can develop itself. 2dly. If in one of the sides of such a box, filled with water so heated, an orifice be contrived, communicating exteriorly with a reservoir, either empty or filled with atmospheric air, more or less dilated, the water will not pass out through that orifice in a liquid state, but in a state of vapour, raised to a greater or less degree of tension. The advantages of Mr. Perkins's apparatus are, the production of an increased power; the practicability of governing that power; the simplification of the machinery; the diminution of its bulk; safety in the employment of steam; and, lastly, economy in water and fuel. A cylinder of nine inches and a half in diameter is sufficient for one of Perkins's engines of seventy-horse power; while in the common system of low pressure, a cylinder of that size would be necessary for an engine of two-horse power. Solely by the dilatation of the metal of which the various parts of the apparatus are formed, their joints become perfectly stopped. One of Perkins's engines, of a given power, does not exceed in bulk a quarter of that of a common engine of the same power. The essential difference between his apparatus and the old engines consists in this,—that in the latter, in order to obtain a prescribed effect, it is necessary to make the steam act with a feeble degree of tension on a very large surface of piston; while in the former, steam of a high degree of elasticity is made to act on a very small surface of piston. The expansive force of water, carried to the highest degree of temperature, may, while it remains in a liquid state, be easily overcome by the resistance of the sides of the vessel in which it is enclosed. The accidental fractures which take place in common engines are especially occasioned by the large extent of surface on which the steam acts. For example, in a common engine of seventy-horse power, three thousand cubic feet of steam acts on a surface of a thousand square feet; while in one of Perkins's engines of the same power, only ten cubic feet of steam acts on a surface of fifteen square feet. The consumption of water in Perkins's engine, compared with the consumption in a common engine, is as eight to seven hundred. One of Perkins's engines of seventy-horse power consumes a bushel and a half of coals an hour, while a common engine of the same power consumes thirteen bushels an hour.—Such is the superiority which Mr. Perkins ascribes to his invention.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF ARTISTS, &c.

##### No. XI.—Costume.

THE two most memorable former periods for portrait painting in this country have been those of the days of Henry VIII. and of Charles I. In each the costume of both sexes was sufficiently pictorial. We are never of-

fended by the garb of any of the portraits transmitted to us by the pencil of Hans Holbein; his sitters being coeval with the time of Titian, their dresses were much of the same character with those depicted by that great Venetian master, and are, generally speaking, no less picturesque. The ancient costume of the ladies of England may be said to have not only materially changed, but in a great degree to have degenerated in pictorial character, with that of the old English architecture. For certainly the strange conceits introduced in the buildings of the age of Elizabeth, were not more opposite to the established rules of art, than were the whimsicalities of the maiden queen's attire to legitimate notions of taste. Whilst this great princess was known as the *Lady Elizabeth*, we perceive by her portraits that her dress was in good taste. The fashions of her father's court had not yet given way to that fantastic style which succeeded under the influence of the great queen of England. No stage burlesque of costume can vie in absurdity with her awful majesty's, as represented in her veritable portraits. Her virgin waist, an inverted churn; and her farthingale, a tenor bell; her ruff, a white turkey's spread tail, out of which peeped her royal little peacock's head. Nor did an age of taste revive, through her successor, royal James's queen, Margaret, of Danish blood, whose fancy in dress was frigid as her frosty face. He, the royal Scot, her no less comely spouse, hunted in huge trunk-hose; and she, the royal dame, in such a stomacher, ye Gods!—and farthingale of Lincoln green, mounted on a milk-white galloway, another Diana, galloped by the side of her Acteon, "the sport and pass-time-loving James." And here, by way of contradistinction, we may say that Elizabeth and James's were the periods of grotesque costume.

How this royal author figured in Shakespeare's discerning eyes, your book-men tell not. But one facetious wag, a poet too, who knew him Jamie well, in sober prose designated him "*Our Sylean Prince*!"

Osborne drew his picture from the life. "Here," says he, "I leave his majesty dressed to posterity in the colours I saw him in the next progress after his inauguration,—which was green as the grass he trod, with feather in his cap, and huntsman's horn, instead of sword by his side; how suitable to his person, age, or calling, I leave others to judge from his pictures, he owning a countenance not in the least regard sembable to any mortal my eyes ever met, besides a host, dwelling at Amphyll, formerly a shepherd, and so metaphorically of the same profession of a king."

Charles, his royal son, made ample reparation for his sire. He and Vandyke, the fashion-mongers of the age, gave to Europe the laws of costume. Henrietta, no less cultivated in the art, came forth from the toilette a model for the fair of all the enlightened world.

It is a question, whether there have not been periods in which costume has been so well designed, that its fitness and forms appear to be compatible with the best notions of good taste in all succeeding ages. It is also a question, whether there may not have been times and seasons of fashion, when the figure and form of human attire has been so ill-designed, as not only to have been considered unbecoming in its day, but also unendurable, and offensive to just notions of fitness or propriety, to all future times. The subject, at any rate, is worthy of consideration; for it is not improbable, that upon the question depends much of the scale of estimation in which both

painters and sculptors will be held by succeeding critics.

With regard to *taste*, in spite of all the metaphysical reveries that the term has given birth to, there can be no dispute as to the existence of the faculty. For even, were there no other than negative proof, that alone would satisfy common sense and common perception of its being. It is enough for all reasonable purposes of art, to see and to feel the beautiful forms and elegant proportions of the various orders and members of architecture, without a philosophical demonstration why they are so. His faculties must be oddly composed, who, having the least pretensions to knowledge, cannot, by the comparison of Grecian with Chinese architecture, at a single glance, discover the superiority of the one over the other.

The elegant simplicity of the Greek female costume is perfectly compatible with the notions we form of the great intellectual people of Greece. That of the men belongs also to the same race. Such costumes seem to associate with the temples and cities of Grecian architecture.

The armour of the soldier, the voluminous vestments of the priest, the cap and gown of the scholar, the robe of the peer, the coat, tippet, and mantle of the lawyer, all appear no less suitable with the architecture and social state of society in the Middle Ages.

For some centuries, however, there appears to have been no leading principles to govern the style of costume: hence we may say that under every reign there has been some departure from the old national garb amongst the afore-named classes; and as it applied to the people at large, the fashions have varied according to the caprice of those who have taken the lead in such matters, rather than upon any consideration of general fitness or sound principles of taste. The portrait painter has known these things to his cost. Had Vandyke lived in the days of George the First, instead of those of the first Charles, his pictures could never have made the agreeable impression they do, in modern eyes. Sir Peter Lely's and Sir Godfrey Kneller's labours, though certainly inferior to his in point of art, yet suffer tenfold injury by comparison, from their having "plied their calling" in the *age of wigs*. The sculptor, too, might well have rued his luckless lot in being born in such an age. To paint with plastic brush that senseless thing a wig, was misery enough; to model it in dirty clay, no dainty job; but to carve the curling, everlasting mass in stubborn stone, made even pious Gabriel Cibber swear.

Some years ago, there stood in a vestibule in Grosvenor Square a bust of the great Marlborough. 'Twas not so *big*, but quite as *great*, as that vast thing, the mighty Autocrat of all the Russias, which stands, or stood, we know not which, in Piccadilly's far-famed hall at the Imperial.\* This countenance was open, grand, and brave, (we speak of Marlborough's,) and finely carved. But, lo! it was debased by a wig—one so voluminous of curl, that all the idle boys, who peeped within the door of my lord's house, cried, "Look, there's the lion!" It was the marble *buggabo* to all the fractious brats, by all the nursery-maids around. This was the *lion* of Grosvenor Square. But what is this to the lions at Kensington and Hampton Court, the Admiral's gallery? There is the collection of wigs.†

"Practice maketh perfect:" Kneller painted

\* Now removed, we presume, from Lord Hertford's magnificent abode.—Ed.

† Now at Greenwich we believe.—Ed.

a wig à merveille. The rapidity with which he touched in the flowing curls, could only be equalled by the French perruquier who handled his irons with the same dexterity with which the German painter operated with his fitches. Painters and barbers alone can appreciate these points of connoisseurship; the knowledge thereof being entirely recondite. Reynolds, happily for himself, and fortunately for art, flourished at the period of the declension of *perruques*: they were to him, though *wigs*, sheer stumbling-blocks. What he gained by the reduction of hair on the part of his men sitters, however, he lost by the perverted taste of those of the other sex, when, to use the phrase of Walpole, "ladies piled their heads three stories high." Sir Joshua, too, had the reputation of being the most elegant friseur of his day; and had the world of fashion submitted to his *gusto* in the management of hair, *toupées des dames* would have been reduced two stories at least; whilst the *queues des beaux*, together with the *pomades*, frosting puffs, and all the *magasin de poudre*, would have been consigned to that fantastic region whence they had been originally derived.

The late Honourable John Byng, a finished gentleman of the old school, and one of the rare beings who dared to think for himself, some five and twenty years ago was seen standing upon a flight of steps in Grafton street, viewing the ladies in their chariots and sedans on their way to St. James's—it was on a fourth of June. His old friend Mr. Wyndham, with Mr. Malone, passing arm in arm, accosted Mr. Byng, who playfully answered through the bard, "I am only a looker on at Verona." "What a flood of beauty, hey, sir!" said Mr. Malone. "You are an amateur, I know, a profound connoisseur too." "Sir," replied Mr. Byng, "I am admiring the busts of my countrywomen. I regret that our Reynolds did not live to witness this change. I always averred, that if the English women could once break away from the trammels of the French, and were at liberty to adorn their persons according to their own taste, that then, sir, we should have an age of female costume which painters would approve, and all the world admire." He lived to see his observation verified.

Ladies should beware of French modes, however, which are creeping in again, to the no small disparagement of the painter, and the deterioration of their own native loveliness. The French hat, so universally adopted of late, and still disguising the sweet countenances of our fair, must have been designed by the milliners on the other side of the water, in cordial spite; knowing that a certain fashionable few on this side would adopt the pasteboard trumpery, in sheer silliness: such aberrations from sterling taste are a "sin and a shame." There is another flaunting fashion, no less discreditable to our ladies, recently imported too from this land of frivolity in matters of costume—that of piling row upon row of senseless curls on one side of the forehead. These wigs, like Townsend's\* wig, under his *Jemmy* hat, may suit the atmosphere of Bow street, but under a lady's hat, beside a lady's lovely cheek, such things are unendurable to unsophisticated English eyes.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Waterloo Bridge*. Drawn on Stone by W. Westall, A.R.A. Engelmann, Craf, Coindet, and Co.

We recently mentioned, with much commen-

\* Not a nobleman of that title, but the great Townsend of Bow street, whose biography would be worth a Jew's eye.—Ed.

dation, some works in lithography from the same press whence the present specimen has just issued; and it has certainly tended to confirm our high opinion of the skill which has carried this branch of art to a pitch of great improvement. *Waterloo Bridge* is decidedly one of the best executed and most pleasing lithographic performances which we have ever seen. The sky, the water, bridge, boats, houses, figures, &c., are severally touched with a soft and tasteful hand; but at the same time, the perspective is well preserved, and the objects are distinct in their right positions. We recommend this performance to attention, as a proof of what may be done on stone.

*Voyage Pittoresque et Militaire en Espagne*. Par M. C. Langlois; &c. &c. Folio. Same Publishers.

THIS premier numero contains four prints of scenes in Catalonia, made memorable by the late Peninsular war. There is a good deal of spirit and character in them, but they are not so clearly or carefully executed as the foregoing performance. The letter-press gives brief notes of the places and military actions.

*Miniature Portrait of H. R. H. the Duke of York; and Specimen of Penmanship*, &c. By Walter Paton.

MR. PATON could not have devised a surer means of attracting attention to his great abilities as a penman, than by adorning this specimen of them with so admirable a likeness of the Commander-in-Chief. It is from Jackson's fine portrait, a most powerful and striking resemblance, and beautifully engraved in an oval about the size of a half-crown piece. At this moment, when His Royal Highness's health causes so much anxiety, it is peculiarly interesting. The example of writing gives great credit to Mr. Paton's talents both as a master in that profession and as an engraver.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO THE MEMORY OF BISHOP HEBER.\*

If it be sad to speak of treasures gone,  
Of sainted Genius, call'd too soon away,  
Of Light, from this world taken while it shone  
Yet kindling onward to the perfect day—  
How shall our grief, if mournful these things be,  
Flow forth, O Guide and gifted Friend! for thee?

Hath not thy voice been here amongst us heard?  
And that deep soul of gentleness and power,  
Have we not felt its breath in every word,  
Wont from thy lip, as Hermon's dew, to shower?

Yes! in our hearts thy fervent thoughts have burn'd,—  
Of heaven they were, and thither are return'd.

How shall we mourn thee?—With a lofty trust,  
Our life's immortal birthright from above!  
With a glad faith, whose eye, to track the just,  
Through shades and mysteries lifts a glance of love,

And yet can weep!—for Nature so deploras  
The friend that leaves us, though for happier shores.

\* The deceased Bishop of Calcutta was brother of the late Representative of Oxford University, and was first of Brasen-nose College, whence he was elected a Fellow of All Souls. In 1801 he gained the Chancellor's prize, "Carmen Seculare," Latin verse; in 1803, "Palestine," English verse; and in 1805, "The Sense of Honour," an English essay. He was Bampton Lecturer in 1815, and was chosen Bishop of Calcutta in 1823. He took the degree of M.A. in 1806, and that of D.D. (by diploma) in 1825.—*Oxford Journal*.



And one high tone of triumph o'er thy bier,  
One strain of solemn rapture be allow'd!  
Thou that rejoicing on thy mid-career,  
Not to decay, but unto Death hast bow'd!  
In those bright regions of the rising sun,  
Where Victory ne'er a crown like thine hath won.

Praise! for yet one more name, with power  
endow'd,  
To cheer and guide us, onward as we press;  
Yet one more image, on the heart bestow'd,  
To dwell there—beautiful in holiness!  
Thine, Heber, thine! whose memory from the  
dead  
Shines as the star which to the Saviour led!  
St. Asaph, Sept. 1826. FELICIA HEMANS.

## THE FIRE-BALLOON.

HARK, hark! the streets resound "*Balloon!*"  
And, like a reascending moon,  
Behold! away it sails:  
Grandly and swiftly on it flies,  
E'en like a meteor, through the skies,  
Driven by th' autumnal gales.

The eye, how strain'd! It gleams afar,  
Just twinkling like a distant star,  
Amid the heavens a speck!  
Soon, soon shall it exhaust its blaze,  
Consumed perhaps by its own rays,  
Then fall a blacken'd wreck!

Emblem of hearts to rapture given,  
By every gust of passion driven,  
With kindling thoughts endow'd!  
Hearts blazing forth intensely bright,—  
Too quickly lost, with all their light,  
In black Destruction's cloud!

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

## MURDER-MANIA.

"A FEW days before we set out on our journey into the interior of the country," says M. Huet, bishop of Avranches, in his travels through Sweden, "a strange adventure took place at Stockholm. A young man, who was very easy in his circumstances, and whose conduct had always appeared very regular, in passing by a shop in the middle of the day, seized a little child that was playing before the door, and cut its throat with a large knife he had concealed about him for the purpose. He was instantly arrested, and taken before the magistrate, who interrogated him as to the motives that had induced him to perpetrate so horrible a crime. 'Sir,' replied he, 'I confess my guilt, and acknowledge that I deserve to die. Far from seeking to justify my conduct, or to obtain pardon, I should think you did me an act of injustice were you not to sentence me to punishment. I have deeply considered the subject of life and death: the first appears to me a source of crime and misery, the second a state of innocence and peace. After mature reflection, seeing that the commission of some serious offence was the surest way of attaining the end I aimed at, I made up my mind to the act I have committed, as the least injurious, and the most excusable. I have killed a child at the age of innocence, and have thus insured its salvation. I have lightened the burden of its father, who is loaded with a numerous family, and with very little means to provide for their subsistence. I, at the same time, am conscious of the full extent of my guilt; but I trust, that the punishment I expect to receive through you, and the manner in which I shall be prepared to meet it, will obtain pardon from my God.' On being led out to the scaffold, he advanced with

an air of satisfied resignation; and underwent the execution of his sentence with a firmness and joy that astonished the attendant multitude."—A similar kind of insanity seems at this time to be prevalent in France. M. Barbier—the head physician of the hospital at Amiens, and the author of several very able works—lately made a communication to the Academy of Medicine in Paris, for the accuracy of which he personally vouched. A woman, who had been recently delivered, hearing people talk of the girl Cornier (who lately committed a horrible murder), was seized with murder-mania. She struggled at first, although with great difficulty, against the desire which pursued her; but at last, fearful that she should not be able much longer to resist, she confessed her feelings to her husband, who very wisely caused her to be confined; and she is not yet cured.—A M. Esquirol reported, on the same occasion, that since the details of the murder committed by Henrietta Cornier had been published, he had received into his private mad-house six or seven women, who had been attacked by a similar complaint.—One of the members of the Academy made a communication of the same kind. At Gayac, in Languedoc, a woman, hearing a narrative of Cornier's crime, also became afflicted with murder-mania, and conceived the project of killing one of her own children. For that purpose, she provided herself with a razor, which she carried about her, concealed, for some time, waiting for a favourable opportunity. But, at the very point of committing the murder, she felt a violent struggle in her mind; and she found no other way of preventing the possibility of giving way to her frightful inclination, than by calling for help. She was disarmed; and it was thought necessary to confine her.—Another member declared that the double murder committed by Papavoine had given rise to an occurrence similar to those which have been already mentioned. A lady of very high rank, having the curiosity to visit the place in which the assassination had been committed, was seized at that very moment with murder-mania!

## MUSIC.

Mayence, 29th August.

His Highness Prince Metternich came here yesterday, to be present at the performance of the *Barber of Seville*, for the benefit of the poor, in which Miss Sonntag performs the part of *Rosina*. Mayence is the birth-place of this celebrated singer; and to this circumstance, and the request of her relations, we are indebted for the pleasure of having heard her. *Deputies* had come from Frankfurt to request her to perform in that city also. We hear that, after completing her engagement at Berlin, she is to return to Paris, to perform in the Italian Opera, with an annual salary of 50,000 francs, and permission to go abroad for three months in the year, which may probably bring her nearly as much more. [Upon this announcement, the writer proceeds to make the following truly German reflections; the justness and philosophy of which are not unworthy of attention.—*Ed. L. G.*]

The profusion of public favour which, in these latter times, has been lavished on musical performers, is indeed a proof of the progress of music, and of the taste of the public for that art. It must also be allowed, that the arts greatly contribute to embellish life and improve morals: but they cannot absorb the whole or the greater part of the attention of mankind, without abstracting them from more serious occupations, and giving to the feelings and cha-

acter a degree of sickly sensibility and effeminacy. And when we consider, that music, arising chiefly from susceptibility of feeling and the impulses of a fickle imagination, affords but a very imperfect satisfaction to the understanding:—since experience shews that music affords much more pleasure in youth than in maturer years, when the moral powers are more developed, and require the gratification of more serious wants:—lastly, if it is evident from history, that in almost all countries, music was not passionately cultivated till they were verging to their decline, of which modern Italy affords the most striking proof;—we cannot help thinking, that the unbounded homage paid to this art, in Germany in particular, so far from being a pleasing indication of improving civilization, is rather the sign of a relaxation of moral energy.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Rondeau Mignon pour le Piano-forte*, composé par J. P. Pixis. Londres. T. Boosey and Co. This composition is more laboured and difficult of execution than is agreeable to the general taste or musical habits of England. We should consider it a severe exercise, and hardly likely to yield corresponding pleasure.

*Brilliant Rondo*, dedicated to Mrs. J. Moscheles. By the same. Same publishers. CONTAINS nothing to demand encomium.

*Grand Pot-Pourri from Der Freyschütz*. By Henry Köhler. R. Cocks and Co. A VERY pretty selection of the best passages in the overture and other music of *Der Freyschütz*—the arrangement does credit to the taste of Mr. Köhler.

*Grand Polonaise, &c.* by Charles Czerny. T. Boosey and Co.

This piece, it is stated on the title-page, was performed at several concerts by Master Liszt, and received with much applause. We do not find in it, however, any striking passages, and it is made monotonous and fatiguing from being all in the treble. Still, for so young a performer, it affords great promise, when he shall have added the study of thorough-bass to his other acquirements.

*The Pretty Rose-Tree; a Duet* by T. Moore, Esq. J. Power.

OF this little affair we cannot say so much as we generally can when the same name is quoted:—it is a very meagre and common-place trifle.

*The Lord's Prayer*. By A. Voigt. T. Lindsay. To our taste, this is a beautiful composition for the piano-forte and a single voice. It is also harmonised for four voices, in a manner combining the utmost sweetness with great solemnity and grandeur. It is very impressive.

*Love and Idleness; a Ballad*. The Words from Moore's *Life of Sheridan*; and the Music by Bishop. J. Power.

AGAIN we are disappointed. Mr. Bishop, in aiming at being fine, seems to us to have not only missed his mark, but at the same time lost the sweetness which would otherwise, in all probability, have rendered his composition agreeable and pleasing.

*We Two, each other's only pride; a Song* from the same source. Same composer and publisher.

Is an extremely pretty and sweet ballad. The words are also of a superior order, and the

composition is altogether well suited to be a general favourite.

*When at your feet a Lover kneels.* Composed by J. Watson. Lavenue and Co.

THIS song, sung by Mad. Vestris in *Twas I*, boasts of but indifferent words; but Mr. Watson has set them, such as they are, to a very lively and playful air, which well deserves a place in the musical collections of our fair friends.

*O! where's the harm of a little Kiss?* The same. The same remarks apply to this. The music is very pretty, but the words require a degree of archness, bordering on what might deserve another name, to give them their full effect. They are therefore better fitted for Madame Vestris and the stage, than for any one we regard, and a private room.

*When my Sweetheart away from me flies.* The same.

Not likely to please any where but where it was first heard: if there. The language is dubious; and even Mr. Watson's skill could do little for such stuff.

#### SONG.—SOMETHING NEW.

CEASE, ye noisy Minstrels, cease,  
Silent be, and give us peace!  
Barrel organ and Scotch pipe,  
Home, sweet home, and Cherry ripe,  
Ringing, roaring,  
Bawling, boring,  
Grinding, scraping,  
No escaping;

Go whichever way you will,  
Cherry ripe assails you still,  
Westminster and City through:  
Should we not have something new?

Change your song, I pray thee do;  
Try to give us something new,  
Hurdy-gurdies to expel,  
Buy a broom, and Isabel:

Howling, humming,  
Tingling, drumming,  
Pipe Pandean,  
Stop their playing  
Cherry ripe, and Home, sweet home,  
Isabel, and Buy a broom.

Change your songs, I pray thee do;  
Try to give us something new.

Cecil Street, Strand, Sept. 7, 1835.

D. J. H.

#### DRAMA.

At the English Opera House, during the week, Miss Clara Fisher has resumed her station on these boards; and been received with great applause. The extraordinary child has now grown into the very clever young actress; and what was originally admired as immature genius, is now likely, in our opinion, to establish itself in the class of first-rate comic talent. We should like to see Miss Fisher in some of the late Mrs. Jordan's parts, as a test of her sterling abilities. We are convinced that, with one rival, Miss Kelly, she would have no competitor, in this line, upon the stage. Mr. T. P. Cooke also, who has been monstrous popular in Paris, has come back to be again monstrous popular here. To name Mr. Matthews, in addition, is to say that this theatre is more than ever attractive.

**PANORAMA OF MADRID.**—Of this picturesque city a very excellent Panorama has been opened in Leicester Square. We are not acquainted with any subject better fitted for this mode of

representation; and are, indeed, rather surprised that it should not have been done long ago. The Messrs. Burford have now bestowed all their talent upon it, and produced one of their best panoramas. The old buildings, the prevalence of Moorish architecture, the superb modern palaces, and the surrounding country and distance, all combine to render it an extremely interesting scene; and it is made lively by variety of costume, and the gay colours which continental custom displays externally about the houses.

**Talma**, the admirable French actor, still continues to be seriously indisposed. It is feared that he may never return to the stage.

**Ivanhoe**, as an opera, is preparing for the Odeon theatre, Paris. Woodstock has furnished a successful melo-drama, entitled *Charles Stuart*, for La Porte-Saint-Martin.

#### VARIETIES.

**Telegraphs.**—A paper has been sent to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, entitled, "The art of prompt communication, by night as well as by day, at great distances." The author declares, that he believes he has discovered the means of avoiding the numerous inconveniences which at present attend telegraphic communications.

**Electro-Magnetism.**—The French natural philosophers are very busy making experiments on the magnetising of needles by the electrical current and sparks, and have lately discovered some extraordinary facts. It really appears, that even in those sciences in which we have proceeded the farthest, the number of phenomena, the causes of which are unknown, will always exceed the number of those the causes of which we are capable of explaining.

**Architecture.**—The Academy of the Fine Arts, in the French Institute, has proposed, as the subject of competition for the architectural prize of the present year, the design and plans of a palace for the French Royal Academy at Rome.

**Sculpture.**—The king of France has purchased the Nymph Salmacis, by Bosio, reckoned one of his finest productions.

**Calligraphy.**—A professor of this art, in Paris, has discovered an ingenious mode of instruction, by which he says he is enabled to teach a pupil, in eight lessons, to write boldly, correctly, and rapidly.

**Iron Mines.**—Two French iron-masters, who have long been endeavouring to discover some iron mines, have at length found, in a commune of the canton north of Valenciennes, a mine of iron exceedingly abundant, and far surpassing in quality that which is met with in Belgium. They have applied for permission to erect a furnace in the neighbourhood.

**French Measures.**—At a recent sitting of the Academy of Sciences, in Paris, M. Dupin read a report from a committee which had been appointed to examine the utility of two new unities of measure, proposed by M. de Prony. To the first, which was for the purpose of estimating the flowing of water, and to which the inventor had given the name of *module*, the committee could see no objection, and they unanimously proposed to the Academy to require from government that it should henceforward be the sole measure for estimating the flowing of water. It is equivalent to a current of water capable of filling ten cubic metres in a day. In the way of establishing a unity of measure for motive-powers, the committee felt that there was greater difficulty. They could not, however, deny the urgent

necessity of remedying the inconveniences resulting from measures founded on the strength of an animal; of a horse, for instance; a strength so dependent on the breed, on the shape, on the size, and on the time of being worked, as to be liable to a variation of from one to three. Upon the whole, the committee recommended the adoption of a unity of measure for estimating the force of machines, under the name of *dyname*; and which should express the quantity of force capable of raising, in one day, a thousand cubic metres of water (of a certain temperature) a metre in height. The report was acknowledged to be of great importance, and was postponed for consideration.

**Anecdote.**—On the usurpation by Buonaparte in 1815, La Vendée once more rose up in arms for the royal cause, and Brittany was also the theatre of several military events. In an engagement which took place in the latter province, an old grenadier of the royal battalion of Lesquies, who had lost one of his legs in the war of 1793, had the other carried away by a cannon-ball; on which he exclaimed, "I can now walk straight against the enemy." A few minutes after, the veteran was no more.

**A Dying Pun.**—The celebrated Tannetoc died at the Hotel-Dieu in Paris. One of his friends went to see him a few days before his death, and exhorted him to make his confession. "Are you well with God?" said he to him. "I should think so, since he gives me an apartment in his hotel."

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

**Ancient French Poetry.**—Few persons are aware that the town of Provins is indebted for its celebrated roses to Thibaut V. Count of Champagne, who brought the first plants from Miletus. Thibaut lived in the 13th century, was a very accomplished prince, and composed charming verses, both in Latin and French. This collection of his poems, which has been long regretted, has just been found, by a most extraordinary chance, among the papers in an old notary's office at Melun. The MS. written on parchment, in good preservation, bears the date of 1225.

A Series of Essays on Shakespeare's Female Characters, by Mr. Stauffer, of York, is now in a course of preparation for the press.

Major Denham, the enterprising and successful explorer of Central Africa, has arrived in Paris from Vienna. A second edition of his admirable work upon that hitherto nearly unknown quarter of the globe will appear, we understand, in the course of the present month, in two. A German translation is now in the press at Weimar; and the public will be pleased to learn that a French translation is also in progress.—*Galignani's Messenger*, Sept. 6.—We may add, that the English octavo edition, with new matter, may be expected in a fortnight or three weeks.

**Ed. L. G.** Colonel Rothier, of Antwerp, has caused Drawings to be taken of all the Monuments belonging to the Knights of Malta, at Rhodes, which he proposes to publish, as a sort of sequel to Vertot's History of that Order. There are above fifty subjects.

The Cabinet Lawyer, a small pocket volume, being a digest of our laws, &c., is in the press.

Professor Jacobs' (of Gotha) Latin Reader, 8th edition, is being translated into English.

Sketches of Ireland, descriptive of unnoticed Districts, Ten Weeks in Munster, Three Weeks in Donegal, &c., are announced by Messrs. W. Curry, Junr. and Co., of Dublin. Also, The Irish Pulpit, a Collection of Sermons by various Clergymen of the Established Church.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Seaby's Ornithology, Second Series, Part I., plain, 15. 11s. 6d.; coloured, 21. 5s.; plain, India Proof, 31. 3s.—Kocher's Principles of Dental Surgery, 8vo. 14s. 6d.—The Financial Chart of the British Empire for 1835. By Bernard Cohen. 2s. 6d.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1835.

September.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 14	From 56. to 70.	29.80 — Stat.
Friday .... 15	— 32. — 63.	30.05 to 30.15
Saturday .. 16	— 32. — 63.	30.15 — 30.04
Sunday .... 17	— 32. — 70.	29.90 — 29.82
Monday .... 18	— 42. — 63.	29.77 — 29.50
Tuesday .. 19	— 50. — 69.	29.75 — 29.80
Wednesday 20	— 50. — 64.	29.75 — Stat.

Wind variable. Since the 18th cloudy, with rain at times; previous to this, generally clear.

Rain fallen, 2.55 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHASLES 84

Latitude ..... 51° 57' 30" N.

Longitude ..... 0° 51' W. of Greenwich.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

•• We cannot insert Advertisements as Literary Notices.

Neither Mr. Wilks's letter, nor the lines on Dr. Taylor, suit our page. We are sorry to pass over also the Mythological Stanzas to Venus.

L. W. is pretty, but not substantial enough for selection.

Under consideration, when room.

Several letters have been rejected in consequence of not being post-paid. We should be sorry to lose any correspondence of real worth through this means; but the tax levied upon us by idleness, and sometimes absurdity, is so great, as to render such a course, in self-defence, quite necessary.

H. M., on the Death of Lord Byron, is left at the office: that subject appears to be exhausted for ephemeral poetry.

The rhyme "here," "idea," is fatal to F. We are inclined to augur, from his letter and composition, that he may be more successful hereafter.

To K. P. we cannot offer any thing beyond thanks. His papers are at our office, if he wishes to reclaim them.

J. W. H. of Bishopgate Without, has written us a long letter in condemnation of our Review of the Eulogy on Swedenborg (No. 508), and professing himself to be one of the Sect which believes in the revelations of that person; in short, a genuine, existing Swedenborgian, living at large in London at this moment! He tells, in substance, that to question the spiritual relations of the Baron, is equivalent to denying the major part of the Sacred Volume; quotes the Rev. Mr. Hartley as a witness to character; and concludes by appealing to our impartiality for the insertion of his communication. But we are unwilling to occupy our pages with matter so absurd; and besides, as the paper is anonymous, must suppose this to be a piece of pleasantry. There surely cannot be found among rational beings, such a sect as J. W. H. feels to acknowledge, or any real man out of it. Luke's who can own these initials.—T. F. W. of Islington, has been since received to nearly the same import. We must believe, therefore, that there are believers in the Swedish Enthusiast.

Thanks to our friend at Romsey for kind intentions. F. C. H., of Norwich, is also thanked: with a few verbal alterations, an opportunity will be sought to insert the poem. A. K.'s first piece soon. It is welcome, we shall be happy to hear from him: a little criticism, however, may be of service.

It seems hardly necessary now to correct the errata which crept into Inconnu's lines, September 2d.

The letter on Eton and Eton Grammar is intended for our next Number.

ERRATUM.—In last Number, p. 585, col. 3, line 37, for Liosente, read Lioente.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

British Institution, Pall Mall.

**THE GALLERY** continues open with the Collection of Pictures from Carlton Palace, which His Majesty has been graciously pleased to allow the Directors to exhibit. Admittance, from Ten till Six o'clock, 1s.

CATALOGUE BY WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

**DR. ASHBY SMITH** will begin his **AUTUMN COURSE OF LECTURES ON DISEASES OF THE SKIN**, on Thursday, Oct. 1st, at his House, 15, Bloomsbury Square. These Lectures, illustrated by Drawings and founded upon the Classification and Arrangement of the late Dr. Willan, form a Practical Course of Instruction in Eruptive Complaints, and comprise a full Detail of the Nature, Symptoms, and Treatment of those Diseases.

Further Particulars may be known by applying to Dr. Smith, at his Residence, above mentioned.

On the 1st of October will be published, price 7s. 6d.

**THE EDINBURGH NEW PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL**, exhibiting a View of the Progressive Discoveries and Improvements in the Sciences and the Arts. Conducted by Professor JAMESON.

Printed for Adam Black, Edinburgh; and Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, London.

This day is published, in 1 vol. 8vo. the 5th Edition, (comprising the two volumes) carefully revised and corrected, with several new Plates and Woodcuts, 15s. boards.

**THE FIRST LINES OF THE PRACTICE OF SURGERY**, designed as an Introduction for Students, and a concise Book of Reference for Practitioners. By SAMUEL COOPER.

Surgeon to the Forces, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, &c. &c.

Printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green; Baldwin, Craddock, and Joy; E. Cox and Son; G. B. Whitaker; Simpkin and Marshall; S. Highley; Hurst, Robinson, and Co.; Burgess and Hill; C. Tait, London; and Adam Black; Striving and Kenney; J. Fairbairn; Macchiaslan and Stewart; and F. Brown, Edinburgh.

Of whom may be had, by the same Author,

**A Dictionary of Practical Surgery**, comprehending all the most interesting Improvements, from the earliest Times down to the present Period. The 5th Edition, corrected and enlarged. In 1 vol. 8vo. price 11s. 7s. boards.

A Journal for all Classes.—This day is published,

**THE MONTHLY REPORTER, NOS. I. and II.**—It is a Journal of important facts, interspersed with the discussions which relate to them, and intended to form, with its Monthly Parts, a novel and popular Annual Reporter. The Reporter for September will be published early in October, price 6d. or on stamps, 1s.

Printed for Sherwood, Gilbert, and Piper, Paternoster Row, London; and J. Jeffery and Co. 10, Hunter Square, Edinburgh.

To Newspaper Proprietors.

**A GENTLEMAN**, who has been for several Years employed in editing a weekly provincial Print, and in contributing to several Literary Works, wishes to engage himself as the Editor of a Weekly Newspaper, now, or at Christmas next. Satisfactory reasons can be stated for closing his present Engagement, and unquestionable References can be given as to Ability, &c.

As the Advertiser wishes to obtain a respectable Situation, rather than great pecuniary Advantages, his Terms will be found moderate.

Letters, post-paid, addressed to N. M. at Mr. Barker's, Country Newspaper and General Advertising Office, 33, Fleet Street, will be daily attended to.

## BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

**BISHOP HALL, his LIFE and TIMES;** or, Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Sufferings of the Right Rev. Joseph Hall, D.D. Bishop of Norwich, with a View of the Times in which he lived, and an Appendix, containing some of his unpublished Writings, &c.

By the Rev. JOHN JONES,

Of Crayke, Westmoreland.

Published by J. B. Seeley and Son, Fleet Street.

In 1 vol. 8vo. price 14s.

This day, in post 8vo. 6s. 6d.

**ROUGH NOTES** taken during some rapid Journeys across the Pampas and among the Andes.

By CAPTAIN FRANCIS BOND HEAD,

The Commissioner of the Rio Plata Mining Association.

Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

Medical Works recently published by Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, London.

**THE MORBID ANATOMY** and other WORKS of the late MATTHEW BAILLIE, M.D.; to which is prefixed an Account of his Life, collected from authentic Sources.

By JAMES WARDROP,

Surgeon Extraordinary to the King, &c. &c.

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